淫靡な洞窟の
その奥で
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[著]ウメ種
[イラスト]アフ黒
オシリス文庫

Volume 1

淫靡な洞窟の奥で
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FREDERICA RENE

AN ADVENTURER WHOSE NAME IS KNOWN IN THE GUILD, TO AN EXTENT

RIG

A MUSCULAR AND VIGOROUS ADVENTURER

CARL

CONTRASTING RIG, TIMID AND CAUTIOUS

"WE'LL BE EARNING SOME POCKET MONEY BY CLIMBING A MOUNTAIN, WELL, EASY WORK RIGHT?"

FREDERICA WALKED UP THE LONG USED ANIMAL TRAIL.

THERE WAS A MOMENT OF RESISTANCE. FINALLY HAVING PREY AFTER A WEEK, SHE TIGHTENED AS THOUGH TO BITE OFF THE SLIME'S TENTACLE. THIS WASN'T ANYTHING LIKE FREDERICA'S INTENTION, THOUGH.

THIS WAS SIMPLY HER WOMANLY INSTINCT.

Chapter One: The Day It Was Born

A [Hero] summoned from another world defeated the [Demon King] after many years.

The [Hero] returned to his world, the monsters brought forth by the [Demon King] radically decreasing in numbers.

The monsters that had once filled the world were now suddenly bundled away in the depths of forests and caves.

And so, the few remaining monsters decreased in number even more due to current adventurers and knights.

—This world, one ran by humans and demi-humans.

A world where monsters did not exist.

A world of peace.

A world where people quarreled with one another.

A world where humans and demi-humans worked together.

A world where there was no [Demon King].

A world where there was no [Hero].

A world governed by the three rulers that had traveled together with the hero.

That was this world.

[A World Saved by a Hero From Another World] — Euswara.

A garden world, thought to be created by Goddess Euswara.

A world where there were swords and magic, and where spirits, demi-humans, demons, and humans lived.

A world where in the not so far future, there would be no monsters.

—It was to be expected.

That was what everyone thought.

Humans, spirits, demi-humans, demons, the goddess—even the [Hero], they all believed that.

That is, isn't that simply how it would be?

Monsters were brought forth by the [Demon King], who no longer existed.

In that case, there was no means of creating any more monsters…

*

One of the three rulers, the Magic Queen [Leticia].

Leticia supervised the northern country, [Fonteau].

Traveling together with the hero, Leticia, a mage, had defeated the demon king.

Even her allies were struck in wonder by her… using her fearful mana to subjugate the demon king, her genius had become a natural calamity. *[1]*

Her mana was tremendous, and although it didn't reach the likes of the demon king or the hero, it was extraordinary even when compared with the elves that were skilled in magic.

Both the person herself and those around her thought as such.

The passage of time caused the demon king's terror to fade from the person's memories, but she had polished her beauty even further.

Even in those days she could certainly have been called a beauty.

Flowing silver hair, like long and beautiful silk. Large red eyes, with well-regulated eyebrows. Her gaze was sharp, but even that was still one of her charms.
Her ears were slightly pointed, likely due to having mixed elven blood.

Although they weren't as prominent as an elf's, they weren't rounded like a human's.
The part of herself that Leticia loathed, the part that the hero loved.

A human that was an elf. An elf that was a human.

That was Leticia.

Leticia Fonteau. The Magic Queen, the demon king slaying mage. She had had a pair of children with the hero.

Even so, her body had not deteriorated from doing so in the least. Rather, she seemed to have acquired a [Motherly] gloss.

Leticia was unusual for an elf, she liked white clothes.

Elves were called the people of the forest, and although they preferred bright green attire, Leticia wore a white dress.

Although the dress was decorated luxuriously, the cloth was thin and revealing, not hiding the queen's body.

Her shoulders were bare, her rich breasts peeking out the top. However, the pure white dress covered her from her chest to her ankles.

Even so, with her slender arms, rich breasts, a waist that seemed as though it might break if one were to embrace her too tightly, and a soft rear that swayed gently, her charm and figure stood out with her tight-fitting attire.

Even just her hiding herself felt attractive.

Men that fostered lewd thoughts seeing her figure weren't few.

Even the [Hero].

Even the hero she traveled with in her youth desired his traveling companions many times, both the mage Leticia and the hunter Frey.

She had realized her own beauty because of those days. That was when she first unconsciously used it as a weapon.

Nowadays, she used it intentionally.

Whenever she walked down the hall, men would turn their gazes towards her abundant and slightly shaking chest. Despite the protection of her clothes and undergarment, their bountifulness and tenderness could be understood just from looking.

It tempted male soldiers. A terribly invigorating feast for the eyes. Her beauty, body, and icy atmosphere that kept other nobles away.

Everything she was was beautiful.

An absolutely beautiful queen.

That was Leticia.

“Good morning, mother.”

The one to greet her was her daughter wearing an azure dress, [Melcia].

With silvery hair inherited from her mother, she wore an adorable expression. Her height was around one head shorter than her age group.

Even so, her chest. The part that could be called the symbol of a woman.

It was by no means how it was due to obesity. From her lovable face to her shoulders that could be called dainty, to her wealthy chest and waist that could be wrapped tightly in a corset without feeling any pain.

That was Mercia.

“Good morning, Mel. Do you have studies after this today as well?”

“Yes, mother. I’ll be getting breakfast, then going to school.”

“Is that so? Work hard.”

“Yes.”

That was all for their conversation. The mother and daughter would only speak in passing of each other. Melcia bowed slightly, yielding the path.

To be royalty was troublesome. When she traveled with the hero, she was nothing but happy. Leticia lost herself in recollection.

There weren’t nobles or royalty or the like, they could speak as friends. They didn’t use formal speech and could act in a relaxed manner. They were very happy, dazzling, and beautiful memories.

She felt it might be good for her daughter to experience something like those times.
Although she understood why it was very difficult, it was still very troublesome to be royalty… as she walked while thinking about such things, she eventually reached a door.

She knocked on it lightly, but there was no answer.

Not minding it and deciding to open the door, she realized the door was locked and the doorknob wouldn't turn. Even so, she seemed to understand and wasn't surprised in the least, her glossy lips faintly weaving a spell.

Unlocking magic.

Although there was such a thing as privacy even considering family, she opened the door without minding it and entered the room.

There was a conspicuously large bed with a canopy above it in the room, a luxurious piece of furniture that shouted royalty.

Although Leticia's family preferred simple rooms, the royal family's appearances were important as well. Even in the case where it was a private room that likely wouldn't be seen by other nobles.

There was a figure still on the canopied bed despite the sun already being up in the sky. Leticia approached and let out a sigh.

"Maria."

In truth, although this wasn't something the queen should do but rather the chamberlain, that much wouldn't cause Leticia to yield.

Waking up her children was a mother's duty.

While gently shaking the bulge on the bed, she called out her name several times. After repeating that for a while, black hair crawled out from the bulge.

It was the exact opposite of Leticia and Melcia's silvery hair. The darkness of night. A deep, deep black—the same hair color as the hero's.

Her beloved daughter that inherited the hero's blood, [Mariabelle].

She had glossy black hair and matching eyes. However, her smooth skin could cause even Leticia to concede, producing a magnificent contrast.

Although saying that one was being frugal and saving was good, she wasn't dressed up in the least, wearing modest pajamas that were hopeless for royalty.

She felt that her daughter resembled her father, the hero, quite a lot. He also didn't attempt to acquire anything but the essentials.

Although nobles didn't view it that favorably, Leticia loved even that part of

Mariabelle.

Seeing her child, she would remember the hero who was no longer with her. She was incredibly dear to her.

“Wake up. You’ll be late for school, you know?”

“… Mou, it’s that late?”

“Really now… just like your father, bad with mornings.”

“Muu…”

With Leticia’s minor laugh, Mariabelle’s cheeks swelled slightly.

She didn’t like to be compared to her father. Even so, Leticia felt that her adorable appearance was suitable for her age.

However, that was something that couldn’t be helped. Thinking so, she patted her as though combing her soft hair.

“Fufu, you have beautiful hair.”

“But everyone at school says it’s disgusting.”

“Is that so?”

Black hair was rare in this world.

Rather, besides Mariabelle who was related to the hero, there wasn’t anyone else with it in the country.

Therefore it was regarded as a curiosity, to be feared, and to be found as strange.

It was incredibly sorrowful that the hero’s color was heresy in this world.

“Even so, one day, you will meet someone that loves this hair.”

“… I wish.”

With Mariabelle’s mutter that sounded as though she’d given up at some point, Leticia’s chest tightened.

Even though she loved her so much, her child was starting to hate the world.

However, that was something that couldn’t be helped. There was no such

thing as a magic that could change hair and eye color in this world.

Therefore, Leticia caressed that very jet black hair. She did this in order to help her daughter understand she was loved.

Mariabelle also entrusted herself completely to that maternal loving, having her hair combed flat by her mother's hands. Times like this were the only ones she loved.

Such peaceful times.

The demon king was defeated by the hero, and from then on peaceful mornings would continue for all eternity.

Such happy scenes would continue.

*

The magic kingdom, [Fonteau].

At its northernmost tip, there was a cave where a few years back, the magical silver [Mithril] was mined.

The magical silver had been completely mined out, so at this point, it was nothing but a cave; no one went near it.

It was stagnant and gloomy, sunlight not capable of reaching its interior. A place where the [Grudges] of people caught by sudden cave-ins and the like accumulated.

However, it wasn't silent. Drops of water sometimes dripped from the cave's roof, the screeches of bats echoing about as they roosted.

Bats making noises, water dripping against stone, and enough insects to cause women and children to shriek and run from the sight.

It was that sort of repulsive, filthy, gross, polluted, and stagnated place.

It was also, in a sense, peaceful. Bats flew around, disgusting insects crawled across the ground, and vengeful ghosts sang their despair.

Continuing even after the magic silver's mining ended, it should also continue on well into the future.

However, it ended.

On this time of this day, that **peace** ended.

Gii.

With a lower pitched sound than what they'd generally make, a bat fell to the ground. On the base of the neck of the bat that had fell, there was a single insect that couldn't have been any larger than the size of a thumb.

A needle with paralytic poison on it appeared from its mouth, and thereupon, the insect ate its paralyzed prey. Taking several days to ascend the wall, it had used its body to climb little by little so that the bats wouldn't notice, killing one with paralytic poison.

Finally catching its prey.

The insect did not have feelings, but it certainly let out a small sound of pleasure.

This was the natural law of nature. For all of time up until that moment as well as all time following.

—However, who would have expected for that very principle to produce the worst outcome?

The insect extended a thin tentacle from its mouth, preying on the felled bat.

The insect's meal wasn't that large. Dissolving the skin at the bat's nape, it ate nothing but a small amount of the soft meat from there.

And thus its meal was over.

As for the remains, it would be eaten by insects that couldn't climb the rocky wall or fell the bats.

There wouldn't be anything remaining at all. They would eat even the bones. Actually, the insects would collect at the bat's corpse and—zuzu, there was a sound, as though something was just barely dragging along the cave. It was a tiny sound, at the level of not being audible to humans.

However, that sound and vibration caused the insects to scatter.

What had appeared in the cave's darkness was a [Distortion]. **A monster had been born**.

Zuzu. A sound that until that point had not been heard in the cave.

Taking a closer look, it was like a mass of mucus that was clad in deep black, as though seeing a distortion in the cave's darkness—a dark slime.

Several years ago when the demon king still lived, it wasn't an unusual monster. Its academic name was [Black Ooze].

A middle class monster of the slime type, a strong specimen in its own right if it had lived for a long time.

However, that was if it had lived for a long time.

A newly born black ooze was inferior to even domestic animals such as dogs. They were only the size of a child's fist.

Honestly it would have just rotted away, unable to catch any prey. It was likely destined to be eaten by the crowd of insects.

However, there was a prize in front of this slime.

Moreover, it wasn't even something at the same level as itself, it was a big prize.
Following its instincts, the slime took the bat's corpse into its own body. Slimes would take their prey into themselves to digest little by little, slowly nourishing itself.

It was lucky. And its fortune could also be called bad—it was unlucky.

It was the lowest class, an ordinary slime.

No, **that would be the case for any other slime**.

Without obtaining prey, the slime would have rotted away, unable to change its fate.

However, this black ooze obtained food.

And so, a change occurred.

The slime that was the size of a child's fist instantly grew after taking in the bat.

This was the characteristic of a black ooze.

It could digest its digested nourishment into a mass increase instantly. Now that it had obtained the bat's nourishment, the tiny slime was already unable to be killed by the insects.

—Right now there were bats on the ceiling of the cave that could kill the slime, or possibly the lizards and wild dogs around the cave's entrance.

But this slime was smart. No, could it even be considered intelligent?

It wouldn't set its sights on big prey, it would first ferret out the tiny insects from the rocks.

The size of a single insect was small, the increase to its mass from preying on them would be insignificant. Even so, the number of insects in the cave rivaled the number of stars in the sky.

It hunted and ate insects. Following its instincts, it voraciously and exhaustively ate and ate. Then, it increased its size.

After several days had passed, it crawled in the wall and captured a bat.

Although the living bat fought back, it wasn't able to get away after being caught by the slime. And although the lizards would stab it with their fangs and desperately attempt to resist, these past days it had grown so large that they were now helpless against it.

It wasn't able to digest the carapace of that insect that preyed on the bat from before. Moreover, since it was small, it gave very little nourishment.

However, the slime acquired an interesting **ability**. A paralytic poison strong enough to catch even bigger game than itself was added to the slime's liquid.

Because of that, hunting became easier. The bats inside the cave, the lizards, and the insects had all been thoroughly eaten away by the slime, so it extended a tendril outside to a wild dog outside of the entrance.

It understood that its liquid had a paralytic effect. On alert, the wild dog ate a small piece before going into convulsions.

When it finished preying on the wild dogs in the vicinity, the slime returned to the cave. Although it didn't understand anything like homing instincts, as far as the slime was concerned, this was its home.

Right now, the only things together with the slime in this cave were the grudges dwelling there. That was all.

Where an ordinary cave might be still and calm, this one had become a cave of death filled with the songs of vengeful ghosts.

At that moment, the slime had become the size of a cow.

Some years back in the period where the hero and the demon king fought, that size could occasionally be seen.

However, now that monsters weren't appearing, things like a black ooze could only be seen in illustrations.

Everyone believed in their peace and that it would last eternally. They had finally passed the demon king's age and wouldn't give up their happiness.

That's how it was.

Right now, no one realized that **a monster had been born**.

After that, a month's time flew by.

*

It had come to the point where there were no more wild dogs to prey on outside and the residents of the nearby village began to wonder what was happening.

Although they had prospered as a mining town in the past, it had become impossible to collect magical silver so the city's scale went from being called a town to a village.

Right now, there were only a dozen or so people living there. It was a country village that made a living by dairy farming.

Although there had been some wild dogs attacking the village's cattle and putting the elderly people at a loss for what to do, they hadn't turned up recently.
They were curious. Even though there was food in the mountain, that wasn't enough to satisfy a wild dog.

After they'd tasted cattle, they had obstinately attacked their cattle. Although

a lot were killed by snare traps, it wasn't enough to guard their cattle.

There were a large amount of wild dogs after all.

And yet none had shown up recently.

Did they give up?

Although someone asked that, it was immediately denied. Wild beasts wouldn't hold such respectable thoughts.

However, it was a fact that they hadn't attacked. It was a mystery, but they decided to treat it as one of Goddess Euswara's miracles and offered her their prayers.
They were like a country village. Even so, in this kind of country village, there was an energetic old man.

Taking up arms, he wore his equipment and headed out to the mountain. His goal was to see what had happened to the wild dogs. Although the other villagers tried to stop him, the old man didn't listen to them.

This old man believed that he was strong. He had killed countless monsters in his youth. Setting aside slimes and goblins, he'd even taken on and defeated monsters many times his size like ogres and the like with his comrades.

Even though he wanted to grow old, his strength had never dulled—or so he believed.

He started to climb the mountain. Losing his breath, he sat down on a rock to take a rest. It was harsh for an aged body to climb a mountain.

Gulping down water as though bathing in it, he took a deep breath. He'd already climbed a surprising amount of the mountain. Beyond this lied only the mithril tunnel.

However, he still hadn't come across the wild dogs. Rather, he hadn't seen any wild rabbits either.

What was going on?

His intuition told him that something was happening.

Even if he wanted to grow old, his intuition just improved. However, his body

had grown old and tired.

—When he noticed it, his body couldn't move.

Paralysis. His aged body couldn't notice the slight stimulus as the paralytic poison flowed into him.

The effect showed immediately. Paralytic poison coming from a slime the size of a cow was much too strong for an old man.

To say nothing of moving his body, even his heart stopped. The old man, not knowing what happened to him, died.

And so the slime preyed on the old man.

Slowly, ever so slowly.

… And so, the curtain of the worst case scenario rose.

On this day, the black slime acquired **knowledge**. Knowledge about monster killing, knowledge about humans, knowledge about life… and about sex.

Right now, no one realized this slime existed. This slime had mutated. It could steal the unique characteristics of the things it ate.

Like that insect's poison.

Like human knowledge.

If the first human it had eaten were a woman—

It that had happened, it would have stolen the characteristic of [Pregnancy], so the worst case scenario was avoided.

However, even though the first one it had devoured had grown old, it was a human male.

The slime obtained things. Knowledge of humans, knowledge of life—knowledge of impregnating women.

Humans were sinful things.

Not to mention their own race, humans would conceive children with all kinds of races: elves, sirens, even beastkin.

The world still didn't know.

In this world where there was no demon king to produce monsters, **a monster had been born**.

Footnotes:

- Play on words, ‘genius’ and ‘natural calamity’ are pronounced the same in Japanese. Return

Chapter Two: Adventurers

It was early morning in the country.

The families earn their livelihood by dairy farming.

They wake up before the sun rises, taking care of their cattle.

This was their everything and had been repeated for dozens of years. They had nothing to worry about.

And on a day much like any other—everyone believed that it would continue.

However—

“Nn?”

As an old man entered the shed his cattle passed time in, he felt a sense of incongruity.

He had spent many years with his herd and was sensitive to even the most minuscule changes regarding them. Were they in a bad mood? Or perhaps they were sick? Maybe some wild dogs frightened them?

As someone with a lot of experience, he could feel it. The moment he had entered the shed, he felt a strong change in the atmosphere.

Did the wild dogs turn up?

That was the first thing he thought of. This particular atmosphere was similar to fright. His cows were frightened by something.

The moment he sensed that, he picked up a hoe from the entrance to the shed.

If it really was wild dogs, he believed that it was important to defend his livestock.

He hadn’t heard about there being anything like bandits or thieves in the area, but it was a possibility.

For people that lived in the frontier, their domestic animals were their life. For

them to be stolen meant death.

So he wielded his hoe, lowering his center of gravity slightly as he carefully walked into the shed.

“Who’s there?”

He too was surprised at how firm his voice was. Even so, he continued to steadily advance into the shed.

The number of cattle the old man owned? Forty-four.

How many could he count in front of him? Forty-three.

—One was missing.

As soon as he thought that, the cattle in the shed started to make an uproar.

They sounded as though something scared them, trying to violently escape past the fencing.

Something like that hadn’t happened before. That unexpected event even surprised the old man, frightening him.

But nevertheless, he soon regained his presence of mind.

What in the world is it?

The old man muttered in his heart, moving his feet forward step by step as he advanced even further into the shed.

He moved faster this time. Not because of fright, but because he felt a sense of duty to understand what it was.

Inside the hut, where there should have been a bull fastened to the wall… there was a striking absence.

“Dammit!”

He was robbed!

His thoughts were dyed red from anger. However, he cooled back down immediately.

How was it taken out?

Although the rope that tied the bull was cut, the hut was locked. Above all, the

fence was still secured shut.

It was almost as if it vanished, like it melted away. He thought about it while leaning on his hoe as a walking stick.

However, no answers came to mind.

On that day, nothing else had changed.

*

On the next day, the animals of a neighboring family two houses away was targeted.

It seemed as though around twenty chickens were stolen.

The next time it was a house on the opposite side of the village. The family was raising cows, sixty of them. However, two went missing.

On the next day, and again the one after that, the villagers' livestock continued to be plundered.

Once a week had passed, all of the families in the village were ruined.

However, the old men weren't fools. They had set up traps and kept watch all night, but it was all for naught.

Somehow, some way, their animals were being stolen. It was a mystery.

Speaking of mysteries, the old man that went to the mountain to look for what happened to the wild dogs the other day hadn't returned.

The wild dogs disappeared, as had their livestock.

Was there a connection between the two?

The village's elders thought.

At times like this, they could go to the royal capital and request for knights or mages to investigate by paying money, but they didn't have the money for something like that.

In that case, how would they deal with it themselves?

They felt it was an impossible task. They didn't know who the person was, but he was strangely resourceful.

He could slip through the traps they placed and stealthily attack their animals.

Everyone racked their brains. And then after another week passed, the number of their remaining livestock reduced to a third of their original.

—At a time like that, a couple of adventurers luckily arrived at the village.

*

The woman introduced herself as Frederica Rene.

With her golden hair flowing down to her waist, swaying gently, her large almond-shaped eyes the color of jade instilled viewers with the sense of her strong will.

She wore a blue robe with a black undershirt, shouldering a large staff that seemed to be just as tall as her on her back.

Her legs couldn't be seen due to her thick pair of pants, but just the sight of her thin waist and lavish breasts attracted the gazes of men.

Her well-developed bosom that could be thought of as two melons crammed away reacted slightly with every action she took, swaying affluently.

Packed inside of the undershirt she used as a replacement for underwear, her bust was beyond rich. When she reached her hand into the thick robe characteristic of mages, her cleavage peeked through the top of her undershirt.

If they were still in their youth, the impact of seeing that would have been astounding.

A wonderfully striking beauty being an adventurer. This was the woman named Frederica.

She looked somewhere around twenty years old.

There was a timid young man of around the same age behind her, as well as a strong-willed looking youth that seemed a little older than the other two.

The timid young man was introduced as Carl, the strong-willed man introducing himself as Rig.

They both wore thick clothes under their leather chest, elbow, and knee protectors.

They had simple iron swords at their waists, but their backs were loaded down with large packs, likely packed with their essential luggage.

A mage and two warriors. They could be called a typical adventurer party.

From appearances, they looked around middle class. Their atmosphere felt like they had some composure about them so the villagers felt relieved.

Above all, it was cheaper to ask the mage’s group for help compared to the royal capital’s knights.

“Hmm.”

The village’s old men spoke to Frederica’s group about what happened to the village before they arrived and requested their help.

On the past several days, they had constantly had their livestock stolen. The culprit was cunning, able to avoid all of their traps. The animals disappeared without so much as a sound, so even if they kept vigil day and knight and kept watch over their shelters, they could not find the criminal.

Hearing that, Frederica’s group realized they could make some money and secretly cheered in their minds.

The culprit—culprits, perhaps—was likely a bandit. Moreover, the three people felt it could be a ruined hunter that grew up in some rural village.

The bear traps and clappers that the elders set up were the kind where rope would surround the target or sound off them tripped. They were things that usually only those that group in rural areas like the villagers would be familiar with.

When they thought about it, things like cattle could be easily stolen. Although they said that they kept watch, it was dark and their eyes were aged, so they might have simply missed the culprit.

Thinking about it like that, believing it to be a bandit that was used to hunting and dealing with livestock was obvious.

“We going to accept it?”

In a house prepared for them by the villagers, while relaxing in a living room on its first floor, Rig spoke.

There was a jug in his hand filled with beer prepared by the villagers as he poured it into a beer glass. Although half was already gone, he wasn’t so weak to alcohol as to already be drunk. He was properly paying attention to that.

Carl tidied up the tableware they used for dinner while Frederica and Rig sat on opposite sides of the table; Rig poured a cup of beer into Frederica’s glass.

“Of course. You don’t want to, Rig?”

“No way. It’s an easy job. Easy money.”

“Right.”

Frederica agreed, inclining her glass. She wasn’t as vigorous in drinking it as Rig, slowly swallowing a single gulp.

She had long since taken off the blue robe she wore during their travel, wearing just the black undershirt on the upper half of her body. She inclined her glass back, taking another drink of the beer. This mere gesture was enough to softly jolt the rich melons on her chest.

Rig, while making sure he could see the sight, drank from his glass as well so that he wouldn’t be noticed.

But for her to put so much effort into her action, it was easy to understand that she herself was simply showing off.

Frederica was confident in her figure, sometimes doing things like this… she had the habit of enjoying the reactions her traveling companions had when she teased them. It wasn’t like they had been together as a party for a long time, but these two traveling companions the beautiful mage traveled with—she understood what kind of people Rid and Carl were.

Rig, a dirty-minded man that left everything to strength, though not enough to be called a savage.

Carl, a thoughtful and prudent man that was so shy he was unable to put what he wanted on the table.

And then the girl herself, Frederica, a woman who understood her beauty enough to use it as a weapon.

The two men as the vanguard with her as the sole rear guard. Each had moderate capability and could cooperate without discord between them. They handled their work as such with a high success rate.

They were a party where their names and faces were well-known despite their youth as adventurers.

“Carl. What about you?”

Rig called out to Carl, who was washing the tableware.

“I don’t mind. But we don’t know what will happen, so it’s better to not relax,

right?”

“Seriously. Our target is just some normal bandit ya’know? You’re just worrying too much.”

“I think that Rig isn’t thinking about it enough though… treatment isn’t cheap, injuries would just increase our expenses.”

“Geh.”

“That’s also true.”

Carl’s response cut Rig down and Frederica agreed.

Even though the job was simple, medical expenses wouldn’t be cheap if they weren’t careful. Adventurers weren’t philanthropists. They worked, procuring compensation. If their expenses reached the point of outweighing their compensation, there would be no meaning in accepting the job.

Balancing the two was the duty of an independent adventurer.

“Well then. Carl-sensei’s worrying is justified, so how about we get to sleep early?”

“Oi oi, seriously?”

Rig was asking if Frederica’s statement was a joke.

They ate dinner. They drank alcohol. When a man and a woman drink alcohol, what happened after that was decided.

Rig had already thought of a certain thing.

Realizing what was going on in Rig’s mind, Frederica inclined her glass once again and—turned towards Rig with a gaze that contained just a little charm.

“Whaaat?”

“I mean, c’mon. The night’s just started yeah? We’re finally able to sleep with a roof over us, it wouldn’t hurt to drink a bit more.”

Frederica let out a small laugh at Rig’s complaint.

Drinking a bit more, just what would happen after that? She wasn’t so ignorant to the ways of the world.

“I-I…”

“Nn?”

Forcing himself into the strange atmosphere that sprung up between the two, Carl spoke.

As though he’d forgotten about Carl’s existence from the moment they started talking about sleep, Rig turned towards him.

Carl, now being stared at, started trying to saying something—

“U-umm…”

“Pfft. Joking, joking.”

Seeing Carl’s reaction of being unable to speak, Frederica laughed, followed by Rig laughing in a loud voice.

Seeing the two’s reaction, Carl looked surprised and looked between the two.

“Stuuupid. We’re climbing a mountain tomorrow yeah? No way we’d use up our strength like that.”

Still laughing cheerfully, Rig spoke.

*

“We’ll be earning some pocket money by climbing a mountain, well, easy work right?”

Saying that in a lively voice, Frederica, once again clothed in her mage outfit, was walking up a long used animal trail. Carl was in front of her with Rig following up in the back, walking as though to protect her.

Due to their characters, despite Carl being nervous, Frederica and Rig had a carefree feeling about them.

“Nn… it’s a good day. Taking walks like this isn’t so bad.”

Taking a deep breath, Frederica stretched by arching her body back. In doing so, her well-developed breasts swayed slightly.

Carl didn’t notice, but Rig was in the back to peep at her from nearby.

She was obviously showing of to lure him. Although he didn’t mind being

backed up from the long journey, he stealthily looked at her puffs.

For that, the woman also felt the same, not minding it. She could feel him staring at her, continuing the walk with her back arched and hands behind her head.

Her lavish breasts waved as though undulating, a pleasant thrill for her. Feeling the man's gaze pierce her from behind further provoked Frederica's pride.

Satisfied with the slight stimulation, Frederica's mouth slackened.

Their goal was the abandoned mithril mine.

First, they would search it, deciding on their course of action afterwards. At any rate, they hadn't found the person who stole the livestock. Who took them, how many were there, and what kind of weapons did they use?

They would answer those questions and work out countermeasures. Even though the bandit was only good at stealing livestock, he could be a dangerous existence with weapons. If they received heavy injuries in this remote countryside, there wouldn't be anyone to see.

While thinking about such things as that, Frederica's lustrous lips curved into a smile.

They just had to climb the mountain and deal with the culprit who stole the livestock and would have enough money to enjoy themselves for several weeks.

They walked through remote regions handling requests from various rural villages, but this time the reward was particularly good in regards to the contents of the request. Even though the usual reward was good as well, she thought about it all while looking up at the cloudless blue sky.

Continuing to walk for a while and considering things like that, the tunnel that was their goal came into view.

Not to mention the wild hares that were missing, they hadn't seen any wild dogs either.

They didn't look too closely for it, but they didn't see many insects either. Of course, they couldn't hear the sounds of insects even now. They just heard the sound of wind ruffling leaves.

And there were no traces of any fights between animals.

The entrance to the abandoned cave was quiet, there was a calmness to it. Something like that was only possible near the outskirts of the royal capital.

By the amount of monsters decreasing, the number of wild animals kept increasing. Although they weren't stronger than monsters, the trouble they caused wasn't any different. Because even if you killed and killed them their numbers wouldn't abate.

Now that there wasn't even a single wild animal here, it was somehow odd.

Besides, it weighed on the mind of those elders too.

A person not familiar with the land might fall from the cliff, so the three felt like the person wouldn't have gone to such a dangerous place, but they didn't see any traces of a camp outside of the abandoned mine.

"… There are traces that something crawled by."

Carl took a knee, examining the ground. The wild grass was broken, leaving traces that something was dragged over it.
Traces that an animal was dragged… looking at the traces, it was something big.

"Maybe it's from the stolen livestock?"

Frederica also looked, seeing the tracks.

Although her well-developed bosom shook in front of Carl's eyes, causing him to blush, Frederica pretended to not notice.

"It leads into the cave."

"Then our thief's in the cave eh?"

Rid smiled happily, placing his hand on the sword hilt at his waist.

His strong-willed appearance was a natural reflection of his vigorous personality.

"Worrying."

Meanwhile, Carl was thoughtful.

Frederica also went into thought, placing her finger against her well-shaped

jaw.

The reason was simple. Inside of a cave, her strong magic would be restrained.

Abandoned mines came with the danger of suddenly caving in from a single explosion. Although Frederica was a just a moderately strong mage, she understood the effectiveness of her magic.

As well as her party's. She didn't understand how many enemies there might be, so she wanted to avoid entering the cave and condemning them by limiting her magic.

However, why weren't there any wild dogs?

Was their target truly a bandit? If it was a wild animal—a bear for instance—Carl and Rig would have no trouble dealing with it.

They could lure it from the cave and cut it in half with wind magic. Although it wasn't like the magic that Frederica could use was at the level of causing people to be amazed, she could use several attributes.

Fire, wind, and earth.

The same amount as what the mages employed at the royal palace could use.

However, because she had a small amount of aggregate mana, the amount of force and how many times she could use it was lacking. Therefore, she became an adventurer.

"So?"

"As ever, you're just a muscle head."

"Geh…"

When Frederica couldn't use her magic, this party's firepower was decidedly average.

That this party could consist of just three people was because of Frederica, the mage.

There were a lot of mages in this country, often called the magic kingdom. However, mages worked at the royal palace. Only low quality ones were adventurers—mages that could only use a single attribute.

That's why a party of four to five people was the average. If they were hunting large game, ten or more wasn't unusual either.

But because of that, the individual shares of the reward would also decrease. A party with few people in it was attractive for adventurers.

"But… I don't think there are many of them."

As for who spoke, it was the timid Carl. He wasn't looking at the traces on the ground, but rather towards the entrance of the abandoned mine.

"Oh, why is that?"

"If there were a lot of them, they would definitely leave behind some footprints. We haven't seen any."

Frederica thought that was a good deduction.

"I see. But as for there not being any tracks, isn't it because they dragged something behind them?"

"Then there's one or two of 'em?"

Rig asked as though irritated.

He just wanted them to hurry up and say how many there were.

"But if you dragged a cow along, I think you'd need a lot of people…"

"Maybe they are incredibly strong?"

"Though just that would be fine…"

"The heck. Stop puttin' on airs."

Rig scratched his head as though finding it all troublesome. Looking away from Rig, Frederica looked at Carl, looking surprised.

"In that case, what do you think of the criminal?"

"I think… we should be fine if we're careful."

His words had no carelessness or self-conceit in them. Carl was timid. However, being timid was a good thing for an adventurer.

Because he's timid, he could see everything calmly. He never let down his guard and could stop moving the instant he felt even the tiniest trace of danger,

it could even be called a talent.

“You have a sharp perception, don’t you.”

“Haha… I lived the country life for a long time. I wouldn’t be able to track my prey if I couldn’t notice the small details after all.”

Muttering back his response, he averted his gaze in embarrassment.

“So what’ll we do?”

Rig asked Carl.

“It’s simple, but hide at the entrance in safety, I think? I don’t think they noticed us adventurers coming.”

“I wonder.”

Frederica murmured tiredly. She wasn’t particularly tired from walking to the mine, though. If possible, she wanted to finish this before the day was over and go back to sleep at an inn.

“It seems to attack every day, so this will be solved by tonight or tomorrow morning.”

“Sounds good.”

Rig grumbling in optimism, Frederica and Carl moved behind a rock into the blind spot from the cave’s entrance. Rig hid behind a rock on the other side of the entrance.

Placing themselves so that they could cover each other, there were no blind spots. Since there was the possibility that the person would leave from the abandoned mine as well, while staying ever-vigilant of their surroundings, the three waited out the night.

*

If this place weren’t a mountain where trees grew in abundance, Frederica’s victory very likely would have been all but guaranteed. Of the elements Frederica could use, she had fire magic. Even if she cut it with wind magic or tore it apart or crushed it with a boulder after lifting it up, the slime wouldn’t die. However, it would easily be removed with fire.

At worst… even if she had to burn the entire area, she needed to burn the slime to death. That is what Frederica felt.

Monsters were the enemies of mankind. They had to be defeated, not things that could be left alive. Not bothering to conceal her murderous intent, she filled the magic staff in her hands with mana.

“Rig!!”

She called for her companion that should have been hiding himself on the other side of the rock. However, there was no answer.

She wondered why, but she had no method to check. While confronting the dark-colored slime, she looked towards the unmoving Carl.

Carl was, little by little, incredibly slowly, being dragged into the slime.

“Carl, what are you doing!?”

“My body, can’t—”

He raised his voice. However, his body started going into convulsions and wouldn’t listen to what he wanted it to do. From the looks of it, he was obviously poisoned. Was it a fatal one, or just something that deprived movement?

While thinking that, she invoked her magic. Without an incantation, she created a simple wind blade and severed the slime’s tentacle.

However, this time it recombined the moment it was cut, so she wasn’t even able to buy time.

Frederica clicked her tongue. The compatibility was bad. The wind magic that was her pride was helpless against the soft-bodied monster called a slime.

Earth magic likely wouldn’t be any more useful than her wind magic and she was obstructed from using fire magic because Carl was there.

“Ri—”

Then, she noticed it. She was closer to the slime now than a moment before. In the dark of the night, there was a face in its body, faintly illuminated by the moon. It was a body. A body whose upper and lower halves had divided into two.

“Ri… g…”

Rig had been taken into the black ooze. Noticing that fact this late, Frederica trembled. She had cut its body in two. The first thing she did was shook a wind blade… cutting in half with her magic.

Comprehending what she did, she edged back, forgetting about Carl.

However, after several steps, she stopped.

What was a monster? The world's enemy. An existence that had to be defeated. The demon king's vanguard. Now that there was no demon king, it was an existence that should perish. And now, adventurers defeat monsters.

Frederica's honor supported her.

However, not just Rig but even Carl was captured by the slime's—the black ooze's tentacle. Right now, it was trying to swallow him. She tried wind magic once again, along with earth magic, but there was no effect.

Should she test fire magic?

However, she saw that Carl would be in the line of fire. Even though she would just have to move sideways, Frederica was disturbed and didn't notice that.

Even if she braced herself, it wouldn't change the fact that she killed a companion. And there was the unidentified poison that the black ooze used. These things froze Frederica's thoughts.

She glared at it for some time. The paralytic poison circulated through Carl's body while Frederica was frozen, he was now having trouble speaking. Unable to resist, his feet were finally absorbed by its soft body.

"—!"

Frederica resolved herself, rushing over to Carl. She would try to save Carl who was being absorbed. Because she couldn't use magic, it was a bad move to try and drag him out… even knowing that, she wasn't able to desert her companion.

Like that, Frederica ran up and stumbled along something on the way. Under the cover of night, a part of the slime that was detached seized the woman's boots.

Taking a posture that would keep her from falling onto her face, she lost sight of the black ooze.

She charged the staff in her right hand with mana, but before she had a chance, a tentacle clad in paralytic poison seized her right hand.

Its concentration was the same amount it used on Carl. Although its effects didn't appear immediately, it should be able to paralyze the woman while leaving her senses.

It didn't sense any fear from Frederica's expression as she stared at it. For this unyielding woman, she felt more angry than afraid.

"Flame Sword!!"

The black ooze didn't know that that single word was an incantation. Immediately following that, the staff turned scorching hot and burned away the tentacle that captured the woman's right hand.

However, that was all. Even if she burned off a piece of its body, it would immediately regenerate.

Normally, the best way to kill a slime was to burn it and everything around it, but Frederica didn't have enough mana to hit it with magic that many times.

Using her wind magic three times and that fire magic, her mana was around halfway drained. To have enough heat to kill the slime in a single hit, she would have to use up all of the rest that she had.

However, if she used magic, not just Carl, but even her own body would be too close for safety. Frederica clicked her tongue, her face dyed in anger.

(Concentrate, concentrate—)

She let out a breath.

Because she approached the black ooze, she was able to see that Carl was still safe. Although what happened to Rig was unfortunate, the first thing that needed to happen was to survive this. To kill this monster, she had to make absolutely certain.

If it was a single part of itself, the slime would regenerate it. To bring forth enough heat to thoroughly burn all of its cells, she would need her remaining mana, as well as absolute concentration.

In truth, incantations would not needed for magic. It was possible to invoke it

just by thinking about it. Incantations were nothing but tools to concentrate by. With Frederica's experience, a dozen or so seconds was enough to concentrate on burning the slime to nothing.

Focusing her concentration on her cane, it was difficult and her breathing came out unnaturally rough. Perhaps due to the fight's agitation, her motives were also extreme.
She threw the approaching black ooze out of her consciousness, breathing deeply and concentrating.

"Eh…?"

She felt a sense of incongruity, letting out a voice of surprise.

Her left hand felt strangely dull. She moved it into her line of sight in a panic, but it certainly was still there.

However, her fingers wouldn't move. When she tried, she would feel sharp pains.

Frederica had experienced this pain before. Numb arms and legs with a pain that made it impossible to forcibly move again. Both her left hand and fingers were definitely still there. However, they had numbed and wouldn't move when she tried.

"W-what?"

While she was confused, the slime drew closer.

In the dark of the night, the only sound that could be made out was the rustling of grass. The sound bringing her a feeling of dread, she closed her eyes and concentrated, her breathing becoming even rougher.

Next she felt something out of place with her right hand as well, but she didn't have the time to pay attention to that right now. With this, Frederica finally realized why Carl didn't seem to be able to resist. This poison… was a paralytic poison. Soon, she would be just like Carl, unable to move.

She had to remove the slime as soon as possible. She gave it her all refining her mana to—

"—Nn."

Suddenly, she let out an unbecoming **voice**.

“Nn, hii—”

She felt a **heat** running along her arm. When she opened her eyes in a panic, the slime had went along her arm to invade her clothing. It went from her wrist, along her upper arm and into her clothing, moreover looping around her shoulder and armpit… although she couldn’t see it directly due to her clothes, the feeling of the slimy liquid going into the undershirt she wore under her clothing was gross.

“Wha—!!”

Why?

What should she do?

Her concentration instantly shattering, her thoughts were thrown into disorder.

Frederica knew what that slimes would absorb humans, but she didn’t understand why it would invade her clothing.

While not understanding, she tried to violently free her arm… when she noticed that she couldn’t move it.

(The poison—already!?)

Although her arm couldn’t move, it could be said that it was even more sensitive now. It was something she’d never **felt** from a simple caress across her arm before.

Naturally, Frederica wasn’t a virgin.

Therefore, she was at a loss.

Just from her arm gently being brushed, her body completely **gave out**.

“Fuu… nn…”

Feelers that moved up her arm rapidly into her clothes from the opening in her robe. Viscous fluid with a unique stickiness trait soiled her clothes, insistently announcing its existence despite her disliking it.

Now on her hands and knees with her abundant hair draping down towards

the ground, she bit her lower lip to endure it. Her long hair clung to the sweat brought upon her from the mental strain on her cheeks, revealing her well-shaped ears from the gaps.

Her ears were, be it from anger or some other feeling, dyed red, asserting their existence through the dark of the night as the moonlight fell upon them.

Her elbows had yet to give out, but that was just a matter of time.

“Haaah…”

A tentacle that was slowly advancing finally reached one of her breasts that was concealed under her clothing. That overwhelming abundance, hanging down from the pull of gravity despite the support of her undershirt, was squeezed as though to wring it from its base.

With her undershirt and clothing damp from the viscous liquid rubbed all over, wet sounds made their way to Frederica’s ears.

Still unable to move in her current state, her breast was being stimulated as though being caressed. It was even more so than simply being massaged, her breast was being stimulated from its base.

“Fuah…”

However, it was definitely a moan that escaped from her lips.

“… Haa— nn.”

The constant lewd sound originated from herself.

Frederica, hearing the sound coming from her prided chest, blushed to her ears.

In her shame, she almost stopped thinking.

“Please! Stop it—!!”

However, her pride wouldn’t allow such a thing. She used what little strength she had left to struggle, trying to escape from the slime that bound both of her hands.

The feeling in her elbows were incredibly dull. Although she struggled in attempts to escape, the slime’s viscosity was stronger than her.

If she were in perfect condition, she may have been able to. However, the current her was unable to escape from the slime. Even if she had strength left, her body was numb from being caught by the liquid and wasn't listening to her demands to run.

As a result, her elbows gave out and her cheek hit the ground. Her abundant chest smashing against the ground, its shape warping.

It was as though her posture was entirely to entreat the slime.

Her thoughts were writhing in disgrace. Even in a state like this, she tried to shake her shoulders to escape.

"Let go of me! You… dirty monster—!!"

Her cheek still against the ground, Frederica resisted by shouting that, her mind unyielding. Although she didn't understand why the slime hadn't killed her immediately, she would resist to the end.

She would never surrender to a monster. She would never, absolutely never, do something like that—

"…. Haaah."

However, ignoring Frederica's determination, the slime's tentacle wriggled under her clothes. It never stopped fondling her soft and ample breast despite her chest being crushed against the ground. Her nipple was both numbed and excited, different from when she was with a man or comforting herself—her voice leaked out once again from the unrelenting stimulation.

She only spoke refusals and bit down on her lip strongly, but disarrayed gasps leaked from the corners of her mouth, fallen leaves dancing about the ground.

"U-uu…"

When she shook her shoulders, she would shake her entire body along with it. When her body shook, her chest pressed against the ground even more roughly, bringing about a new wave of stimulation.

She endured it so as to not speak, but her breathing fell too far out of order and she broke into a sweat. When Frederica's body reacted to this extent, the black ooze increased the viscosity of the liquid covering her chest.

The tentacles, having covered her chest with the viscous liquid, skillfully coiled around her overflowing chest that had changed shape by being pressed against the ground.

The most apt way to describe the spectacle was that she was being kneaded. Twining around the base of her nipple and slowly squeezing it, pulling as though to extend it, rubbing the breast from all sides like a massage.

Frederica didn't know it, but these—were hand movements to milk a cow's udders. This was something that the black ooze had learned from the old man's knowledge, and even though she didn't know what her ample chest was being treated as, she wouldn't tolerate it.

It wasn't shame, but anger that gave her face an even greater tinge of red, but she had lost her means to resist as time passed.

Stained by the slime's viscous liquid, the sounds coming from inside her undershirt were obscene.

In order to look away from her chest that was being treated as some sort of plaything, she closed her eyes. Was she angry? Ashamed? Or perhaps… although the person herself would never admit it, in pleasure? Tears spilled from her clouded eyes.

However, that same obscene sound reached her ears when she closed her eyes. Even that sound would provoke and excite her.

"Hah, haaah…"

The voice that leaked from her unintentionally opened mouth was even more passionate than before.

Hearing the voice that didn't seem to be hers at all, she forcefully shut her eyes.

(No, no no no no no no!!!)

Over and over and over… she cried that in her mind.

However, far from going away, the heat in her chest simply flared up even more. Every time she felt the writhing that kneaded her breast, a sensation that she hadn't felt until now attacked her.

Usually, her body wouldn't react to something that she hated.

Although pleasures of the flesh were important, the atmosphere and attitude were also indispensable.

However—Frederica was starved. It couldn't be said that she was abstemious, but she had traveled with men, of which neither were her lover, for a week. There weren't any chances for her to release her sexual urges. It wouldn't have been a problem if it was just a man and a woman traveling together, but it was two men and a single woman.

She wasn't someone that would allow two men to rampantly use her body at the same time, she wasn't some virgin that didn't know anything. As such, her body that had grown sensually stockpiled a suitable amount of desire.

Therefore, she had reached her limit.

Although she was disgusted by the monster, her body hungered for sex. It was in a hopeless state.

Even though she didn't want to feel it, she felt it.

Despite hating it to the point of wanting to kill it, she couldn't resist being violated in her current state. The cocksure woman's mind was violated.

The body of the twenty-two year old woman that hadn't masturbated in over a week was too fragile.

Closing her eyes and resisting the pleasure, her chest and nipples were sloppily ravished and rubbed across the ground.

"Fu… Nn… n."

By the time she'd realized it, her lips that should have been firmly closed had opened slightly, passionate breaths passing her lips unhindered.

Her beautiful teeth had given up biting her lip. Her tongue slightly peeked out from the opening, extending out as though requesting something.

Even her eyelids that had been closed tightly until were just feebly shut, her eyebrows knit as though to endure something.

And above all—Frederica herself likely unknowing due to her closed eyes—she

had let go of her staff.

Along with pushing out her rear, she slightly waved her hips back and forth. Despite none of her clothes coming off, the woman was entirely ready.

“Sto… p…”

She muttered, all but incoherent.

The slime certainly wouldn’t respond to her words.

Another one of the slime’s tentacles, one that hadn’t been violating one of her ample mounds, entered her clothes. Even if she understood that, Frederica had no path of resistance left to her.

In her current posture of laying down flat with her butt in the air, neither of her arms could move and she couldn’t put any force into her legs. No, her pants that hid her beautiful legs had gotten wet unnoticed.

… Even her legs had gone numb, she couldn’t run. With this, Frederica’s senses were cornered.

The newly added tentacle slipped past her breast—beyond it, to the one on the other side, coiling around it and making its presence known. Dexterously, it thinned into a cord.

“H-haaah…”

Although Frederica herself wouldn’t admit it, her nipples being rubbed across the ground were very sensitive. Originally, they were the areas she would touch the most when pleasuring herself. Their sensitivity were excellent for her.

(H-haaah… t-this feeling…)

At that moment, her waist trembled greatly, but Frederica didn’t notice. However, her waist moved back and forth, synchronizing with her chest being pressed forcibly against the ground.

Stroked by the tentacles, she pressed against the ground. These two kinds of stimulation caused Frederica’s breathing to grow even more rough. The only sound that echoed in that dark night was Frederica’s rough breathing.

“Haaauu!”

A distinct moan escaped her mouth. Her voice seemed so passionate that it would ignite.

Taking it as a signal, the tentacles' violating movements across her bountiful breasts accelerated. Squeezed from its base, her right breast was violated. Kneaded across its entire voluptuousness, her left breast was violated.

Both at the same time, her nipples being handled by the string-like tentacle ends.

"Nn, haa—aaah!!"

Feeling the extreme excess of pleasure, even her brows rose, her chest rising from the ground. But even so, the tentacles didn't cease tormenting her breasts.

No, rather, it became easier for them to move by having her off of the ground. They instead accelerated torturing Frederica's nipples and breasts.

(What's, this!? What's this what's this what's this!? H-haaaaah!)

Her body that was numb and couldn't move spasmed, contrary to her feelings. Her mind desperately tried to not break, but her body yielded helplessly.

The sweetest voice she'd ever made came from her open mouth. Drool followed her drooping touch, hanging towards ground and falling on the black ooze.

As though requesting for something passionate, the movements of her waist became even more intense.

(… lie. A lie, lie, lie!! Ah—)

Twenty two years old. How long had it been since she parted with her virginity?
This was the first time—

"Nn, uuu—!!"

Frederica climaxed from nothing but her breasts.

Convulsing several times, her body fell to the ground, once again crushing her chest.

Although an incredibly intense sensation assaulted her sensitive breasts, she

somehow endured it through her exhaustion.

However, with her nipples rubbed against the ground during her convulsions, the woman's internal temperature accumulated once again. Even though she knew that, there was nothing she could do to stop it.

"Ha… ah."

(Amazing—)

The woman's eyes that had shown her strong willpower had grown clouded, wet with tears. Her pupils reflected nothing at all, looking blankly towards the bushes in the dark night.

However, it was only until that moment that the tentacles stopped.

"Nuu!!"

Pressed against the ground, her chest's shape was distorted. Frederica opened her eyes wide at the stimulation assailing her rich chest.

"Stop!! Please, stop!!"

She couldn't put any strength into either of her arms, only able to speak. Still, Frederica resisted loudly.

No, it couldn't be called resistance anymore. She only resisted with her mouth, her body already accepted the stimulation.

Her mouth shouted and let out coquettish sounds, her body giving into the pleasure and going into convulsions.

"Just by my breasts, just by my breasts! Just the breeeasts!!"

While tentacles massaged her nipples during her spasms, she pushed herself against the ground. Frederica hadn't noticed that her movements had gradually grown more forceful. Just like she had forgotten to close her mouth, even though her body that forgot to endure was handicapped by the paralytic poison, she desperately tried to pleasure herself more.

Her thoughts were hazy. Was it due to the pleasure given from the tentacles, or was it from **pleasuring herself** by forcing her nipples against the ground herself? She didn't know.

Her eyes that used to cast a self-assured light were now wet with tears, though was she still determined to run away in the recesses of her mind? There was a calm moment just before the storm, and in that instance, she saw a pair of eyes looking at her miserable appearance.

It was Carl. The freedom of his body deprived by the paralytic poison, he was dragged by the black ooze's tentacle, submerged to his shoulders.

However, his head was still out in the night air, and his gaze… was towards Frederica. No, it was better to say he was fixated on her.

"Ah—aaah!!"

Frederica's body spasmed greatly again. Tormented by the slime, she convulsed, gasping. He could see everything… watching all of the details in fear.

"Ple–…. haaah!!"

Her firm nipples were massaged, stroked, and pulled. Just by that, Frederica's mouth let out a blazingly passionate moan.

Her disgust and what she felt were already unrelated. Her body had become weak to the stimulation.

And there was the reality of her, like that, being seen by her companion. The reality of her being watched.

Now, Frederica wasn't just experiencing sexual stimulation, but shame as well.

"Plea—please don't look…"

If one knew what she was usually like, her frail voice would have been unbelievable. Looking away from Carl who was being swallowed by the black ooze, she stared at the ground.

But even so, Frederica still felt Carl's gaze on her. Even if she suppressed her voice by biting her lip, she couldn't stop her body from trembling and spasming. Her chest that had been her pride until now had already become her most sensitive erogenous zone.

Convulsing from just her breasts being massaged and her nipples being stroked, Carl saw it all… a human was watching. Just by thinking that, Frederica's body once again spasmed.

(That's… not it, not it!)

Two times, three times she convulsed… this time, pushing out her ass the farthest she's ever done in this posture, she went into countless small convulsions.

She climaxed. Unsightly, she was ravished by this monster, and moreover just by her breasts… twice.

Even if she denied it in her chest, her convulsing body was telling her that it had climaxed. Frederica thought that surely, Carl wouldn't have noticed. However—

"Wh… y… whyyy!!"

The tentacles didn't stop. Because they didn't stop, over, and over and over an over—Frederica's breasts were violated.

Unerringly, it ravished her plentiful breasts that had become sensitive, lascivious… her greatest weakness.

She couldn't do anything to stop it. Even after already peaking out twice, Frederica's body ignored her will and submitted helplessly.

Convulsing together with her breasts being kneaded and her nipples rubbed against the ground, her hips swayed back and forth as though wishing for a **man**.

Even though she wore clothes under her mage robe, she was made to climax. Along with the wet and sloppy sound coming from her undershirt, the only sound echoing through the mountain night was Frederica's heavy breathing.

"H-haah—h-haah!!"

(Why!! How!!)

Sure, Frederica's breasts were sensitive. But this was a sexual feeling, something that was a normal physical phenomenon.

Raped by a monster like this, held down against her will, shedding tears in humiliation, shamefully thrusting her ass out like some beast, being watched by someone else, she shouldn't have felt like this.

While her thoughts were disarrayed from the constant waves of pleasure, why,

how? She continued to question herself.

Was she just this obscene?

Wrong.

Did she starve for sex this much?

Wrong.

Somewhere in her heart, did she wish to be pinned down like a beast?

Wrong.

While she repeatedly answered her self-questioning—

“No, don’t, don’t!!”

As time passed, her hips’ movements grew more intense. With her pressing her nipples against the ground and her chest being massaged by the tentacles, the denials coming from her mouth were merely for appearance.

Her purpose was definitely to resist. Supposedly, if she were let go right now, she would use everything she had to roast the slime and burn it to death.

But at the same time, Frederica hadn’t yet realized that her body began to demand for an even greater stimulation now.

As though to invite that, no, as though to demand that, she shook her hips. Since climaxing the second time, her movements had only grown larger. Her waist that had been shaking back and forth, as though to draw a circle, was moving eccentrically to lure a man.

Her eyes that used to be filled with confidence were low clouded with obscenity, tears shedding from the corners of her eyes.

It wasn’t the face of the mage Frederica, it was that of a woman’s.

However, without any mirrors around, Frederica herself didn’t know that.

It was nothing but—

“Stop… already…!”

Miserably letting her tongue hang loose, she begged to be released as the tentacles ravished her breasts.

When her entire body went into convulsions, it wasn't her mouth that announced what she was feeling. Even so, she said that she wanted the tyranny afflicting her breasts to end.

Even so, it didn't end.

The tentacles didn't stop, continuing to massage her ample breasts beneath her robe.

Just how sensitive could she get? Just how many times could she cum? It was as though it wanted to know.

The slime examined the woman's body. She already no longer had any pride as an adventurer. When the mucus-covered tentacles wriggled… her body trembled, expecting the following surges of pleasure.

Not realizing the changes, Frederica raised her face from looking down.

"He… lp… m—…."

Her voice stopped midway. Carl was watching her since some time ago. Her and that timid youth had traveled together until now.

He had sank into the mucus up to his head, mouth open, eyes wide.

His expression was dyed in agony with his open mouth, never to close again, like he wanted to continue shouting some grudge.

At any rate, Frederica gasped from the pleasure, but he was in agony. Carl had been taken into the mucus, unable to resist because of his numb body, dying due to breathing difficulties.

Just how much pain did he feel?

Just how much did he despair?

*

Frederica, seeing Carl… seeing Carl's corpse, while her breasts were being massages, while her entire body shook from the stimulation, could do nothing but stare in blank surprise. Her whole body was covered in the viscous liquid, mud smearing her clothes and cheeks, her face sullied by tears and drool.

And so, with an excessively unsightly appearance—

“Caaaarl, save me…”

She pleaded for the corpse to save her.

As for Frederica, both of her arms had already been freed.

However, since her arms were numb, she wouldn’t be able to do anything for a while. Even so, Frederica wasn’t thinking about anything like that.

“… Nn, haah.”

Her pressed out ass quivered slightly, her body conveying just how much pleasure she felt.

However, the voice coming from her mouth no longer held any strength.

It had been three times after that. Five times in total where she’d came from nothing but her breasts. Her nipples becoming so sensitive that they felt painful —Frederica couldn’t check to see—but her nipples had each enlarged to the size of tootsie rolls. Her nipples had forcibly pushed up against her black undershirt, feeling pain even when covered with the slimy liquid.

Realizing the mage woman’s reactions had dulled, the slime finally stopped playing with her chest. Although it was still restraining her breasts with its tentacles, it seemed to have stopped massaging, kneading, and pulling on them.

With a dull pain leftover, she couldn’t put any strength into her upper body, her waist trembling slightly with her chest still pressed against the ground.

Her appearance could only be called pitiful, like a beast lowering its head to beg a human.

“Haah, haa…. nn…”

(It’s… o… ver…?)

Frederica didn’t know how much time had passed anymore.

Rig died.

Carl died.

Their corpses were drifting about inside the black ooze even now, weighing hard against Frederica’s mind. Soon, she would also—

The moment she thought that, she recalled that she was still sticking her rear out like a dog in heat and tried to lower the rest of her body down to the ground in exhaustion.

She was tired. She didn't want to think about anything anymore.

"Nnu!!"

Immediately after she tried to lose consciousness, her waist was propped up by the tentacle.

Was she not allowed to rest?

"No… more…"

She could barely speak. However, it had been a while since it happened. Frederica's mind had broken a long time ago.

Even so, the slime didn't understand her words.

To begin with, it couldn't understand human speech.

… Well, when it hadn't stopped tormenting Frederica's chest when she pleaded for it to, she probably already knew that.

Put into the posture of her ass sticking out, the slime started removing the belt to her pants. It sounded strangely loud in the dark where only Frederica's pants could be heard.

(Eh… e-eh!?)

The belt to her pants was removed. The significance for that was—

"St–… p… stooop!"

Encouraging her body that wouldn't listen no matter what she told it to do, she tried crawling to escape. She didn't even look like an adventurer anymore.

A person running away in humility, a weak and delicate woman. That is exactly how she appeared.

Her hands were numb and wouldn't move as she wanted them to, her body not listening to her after cumming so many times. She couldn't even oppose the tentacles in the least.

But even so, the woman desperately tried to escape. Despite the tentacles holding on to her waist and restricting her breasts, she still tried to crawl to escape.

She was afraid. Frightened even. It was useless, though; Frederica's body wouldn't follow her intentions despite the warning bells going off in her mind.

Just by her breasts. Just by her breasts, she had climaxed five times. Even though she glared at her enemy with fear, disgust, and hostility, even so, she came against her will. Even though she'd refused that much, denied it that much, pleaded that much… she continued cumming.

(No way, no way, no way, no way!!!!)

She was raped.

By a monster. By something worse than a beast to this world. By a monster that could satisfy a woman just by her breasts.

Certainly, she had been raped over and over. Despite pleading for release, despite seeking a savior, despite praying for rescue—this slime, taking notice of none of it, continued making this woman cum.

Just by her breasts, just by her breasts… it had brought her that far in cumming.

What if something like that violated her most tender area?

"No! Someone, anyone!! Carl, Rig! Save me, pleeeease!!"

Stimulated by terror, she earnestly wished for saving. With the people she'd pleaded to already dead, no one would hear her screams. Even if she knew that, she would succumb if her tender spot was violated.

And so she shouted.

She was frightened. Even if she knew there was nothing she could do, she still didn't want it to happen.

Nobody would think that a monster would rape them. Nothing like this had ever happened. Monsters were the enemies of mankind, their only relations being kill or be killed. Something like the loser having to go down the loser's road shouldn't have happened.

Therefore, no one knew anything about monsters' sexual desires.

However—what could be done even if she knew about this monster…?

Even when she shouted for it to stop, it was like a beast that caused her to cum many times.

If someone like that ravished her—

"Haah, nn… S-st—…"

Her womb was burning, throbbing, aching. There was nothing she could do. Her body had learned the taste of the slime's tentacle.

Even if her determination to kill this monster had already fractured, if she admitted it… she, Frederica, wouldn't be an adventurer, wouldn't be a mage… she would fall into being a beast at the same level of a monster.

Therefore, even if her body continued betraying her, even if her determination broke, as someone who studied to be a mage, she didn't want to part with her humanity. If she could escape now, there would always be a—

Clink. The sound of her belt's metal fitting falling away reached her ears.

"Noo, no no—please, stop!!"

She cried.

Like a young girl, like a virgin, while crying, hips swung like a prostitute.

In trying to escape from the tentacles, her hips shook like she was inviting it. Just in anticipation of what was about to happen, her body went into a small spasm.

"Why!! Why!! Even though you're a monster…!!"

Frederica only spoke in absolute refusal.

However, the woman still hadn't realized.

Her body showed no signs of wanting to run away, her hips still shaking shamefully, waiting for the tentacles.

With her belt unfastened, her thick pants were lowered. Even in this, she seemed like an easy woman. Her breasts were plentiful, her ass plump.

Still wonderfully covering her ass was a plain, yet feminine black pair of panties.

The area between her thighs was already damp, despite not being touched yet. She had climaxed simply by her chest, so her body eagerly anticipated what would come next.

“Please! I’m begging you—please let me goooo.”

Still disregarding her pleas, a tentacle moved the black panties aside.

“Please, please, please, please—”

Like a child, she repeated the same word over and over. Tears overflowed from her eyes, mucus unbecomingly dripping from her nose. She didn’t want this to happen. Not at all… she was afraid.

What was happening to her? What would happen to her from then on? She didn’t know. Fear sprouted from her chest. Her chest pressed against the hard ground, when the cold night wind touched her wet genitals, the only thing she felt was just how much she was twitching down there.

Although Frederica couldn’t see it, it was different from the tentacles that had been massaging her breasts up to this point, it was standing vertical.

And it drew close, as though kissing her vagina.

“Please, don’t…”

Even so, the slime didn’t stop.

There was a moment of resistance. Finally having prey after a week, she tightened as though to bite off the slime’s tentacle. This wasn’t anything like Frederica’s intention, though. This was simply her womanly instinct.

“Ah—H-haaah!!”

(No, no way, no, no!! It entered!! A monster!! Inside me!!)

Her determination seemed to break.

Her mind seemed to break.

Helpless despair filled her chest—

“Aaah, aah, aaah!!”

(It entered—-)

—Helplessly being pleasured, the woman named Frederica was raped.

(What… is this—)

With an ordinary thrust, she was penetrated to her deepest area.

A place that a human man absolutely couldn't violate. Gouging against the walls of her long unused vagina, the tentacle drilled deeper as it also increased in girth, heading towards her womb's entrance.

There was no technique to it. Nothing but going at full force. A violent injection.

(—Amaaaazing!)

Tears of joy overflowed from her eyes.

Her mouth was reduced to a hole that only existed to report how pleasured she was, her dignified expression long since warped.

She was helpless. She knew that. Frederica Rene could no longer win against this monster. Her body as a woman understood that.

The tentacle pulled out. Towards the entrance to her vagina… and again, drilled in at full strength. Being pierced so strongly as this would normally bring pain, but mysteriously, there was none. This was because the tentacle was made from mucus. A normal man would be solid and firm. It was different from the penises that held passion.

In addition to the juices flowing from Frederica herself, because of the slimy black ooze's tentacle was being used, even her vagina that had firmed up slightly from not being used recently wasn't damaged.

"Aah, uuun—uuun…"

Definitely, even if she escaped from this place, if she came across this slime, Frederica knew that she would fall to her knees.

Violated to this extent… she had given up her determination just from her breasts.

She just hadn't admitted it.

No… she might even come back to be defeated on her own. Because, because… this was the first time she had felt that endless pleasure.

“T-there! The—-haaah!! Mueh… s-stooop!!”

As though to match the injection tentacle, the tentacles that restricted her breasts also began moving.

Rolling over and massaging her breasts, stroking and pulling on her nipples, she pressed against the ground of her own volition.

“Stop—stoop! Not so strooong!”

Her tongue sticking out like a dog, her breaths came in gasps. As though to do the exact opposite of what she said, the slime’s movements reflected her unspoken desires. She no longer felt any disgust towards it.

On the contrary, she was shaking her hips feeling something akin to affection.

She ushered the monster’s penis into the lower half of her body, still adorned with her black panties. Her abdomen, strengthened from years of being an adventurer, gripped the tentacle tightly. She banged her hips towards it to feel even a little more pleasure.

Her breasts pushed against the ground even harder in response, the tentacles further ravaged the mage’s beautiful body in pleasure. From the point that the tentacle first pierced her, it hadn’t been that long.

And yet despite that—

“C-cummiiiiiing—!!”

Frederica convulsed, exclaiming her climax to the slime.

With her body convulsing over and over, saliva dripped from her open mouth. Her eyes saw nothing, her mouth doing nothing but letting out empty words of pleasure after her climax. In front of her was the black ooze. Inside of it, two corpses.

However, Frederica saw none of it.

“Aah… uuu… nn… aah….”

She twitched. In her whole life up to this moment, that was by far her most intense climax.

A true female climax.

She broke.

Her mind, her determination, her pride as an adventurer, her pride as a mage—as of this moment, she had been completely broken.

“Please…”

She gently shook her waist, the slime’s penis still inside her.

The sound of the slime’s mucus and her own secretions mixing didn’t reach her numbed ears.

“… Let me go… already…”

The moment she said that, the tentacle penis forcefully dug into her.

“O-hoh—”

Her womb’s entrance attacked, her consciousness wavered. Her blank eyes rolling up into her opened eyelids, drool flying from her open mouth.

Deep inside her body… bang. A heat burst forth. At that moment, once again, the tentacle struck against her womb.

After that, she couldn’t even speak. She came from the first thrust, and again with the next one.

The fluids dripping from here was no longer just tears and drool. Her eyes, once so self-assured, were now wide open, her face wiped against the ground in harmony with the tentacle’s movements.

She was no longer just a woman. She was a woman raped by a monster… A woman raped by… and pleased.

“Ple… let…”

Again, it beat into her with its tentacle.

She begged for freedom.

Over, and over, and over—

“Let… plea… se—haaan!!”

Frederica had lost consciousness, her mouth doing nothing but unconsciously repeating the same words. Frederica already had no determination left in her. It

was really nothing but repeating the same words from before.

Of course, the slime didn't stop.

*

How many times had she cum?

How many hours was she violated?

Even so, Frederica was not freed.

Her beautiful face warped from pleasure, her mouth hanging open and, rather than drooling, foaming.

Her chest was violated, her vagina was violated. When she stopped responding, her ass was violated as well.

But even so, Frederica continued to be violated. The slime's mucus and Frederica's sweat and vaginal secretions all mixed together, soaking the ground beneath her.

Even now, the slime did not obtain the ability of [Ejaculation].

Its testicles were still imperfect, unable to ejaculate.

Rape a woman, ejaculate, conceive a child. Despite doing this for that reason, the slime could not ejaculate.

Therefore, it continued to rape Frederica. Even when she lost consciousness. Until the time the slime comes to be able to ejaculate.

Over, and over, and over, she came.

"—, ——, —…"

By the time the sun rose, she was like a doll that couldn't move.

Although she wasn't dead, the beautiful mage had been broken.

The black ooze, finally finished with digesting the two corpses inside its body, skillfully lifted Frederica up with its tentacles as she had become capable of only spasming.

Like that, it started to move slowly. Back into the mithril mine's entrance—carrying her far into its interior.

Into that dark and gloomy hole, continuing far into the abyss.

It carried the female mage into the gloomy interior, her nude body plastered by its liquids sparkling in the sunlight.

It would impregnate her.

All of its focus was on that.

Volume 2

[著] ウメ種
[イラスト] アフ黒
2
淫靡な洞窟のその奥で
オシリス文庫

SATIA

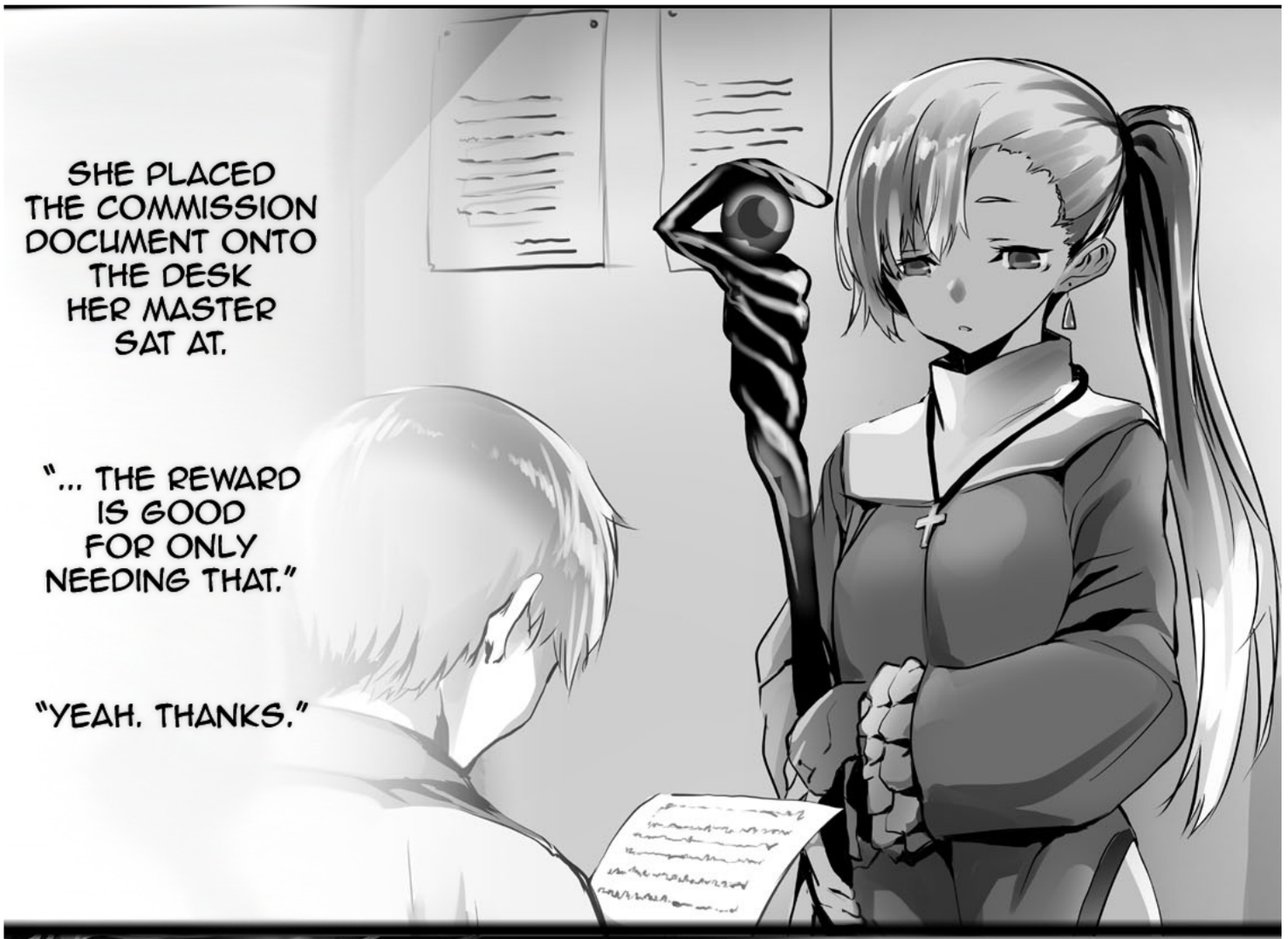
EX-SLAVE ADVENTURER

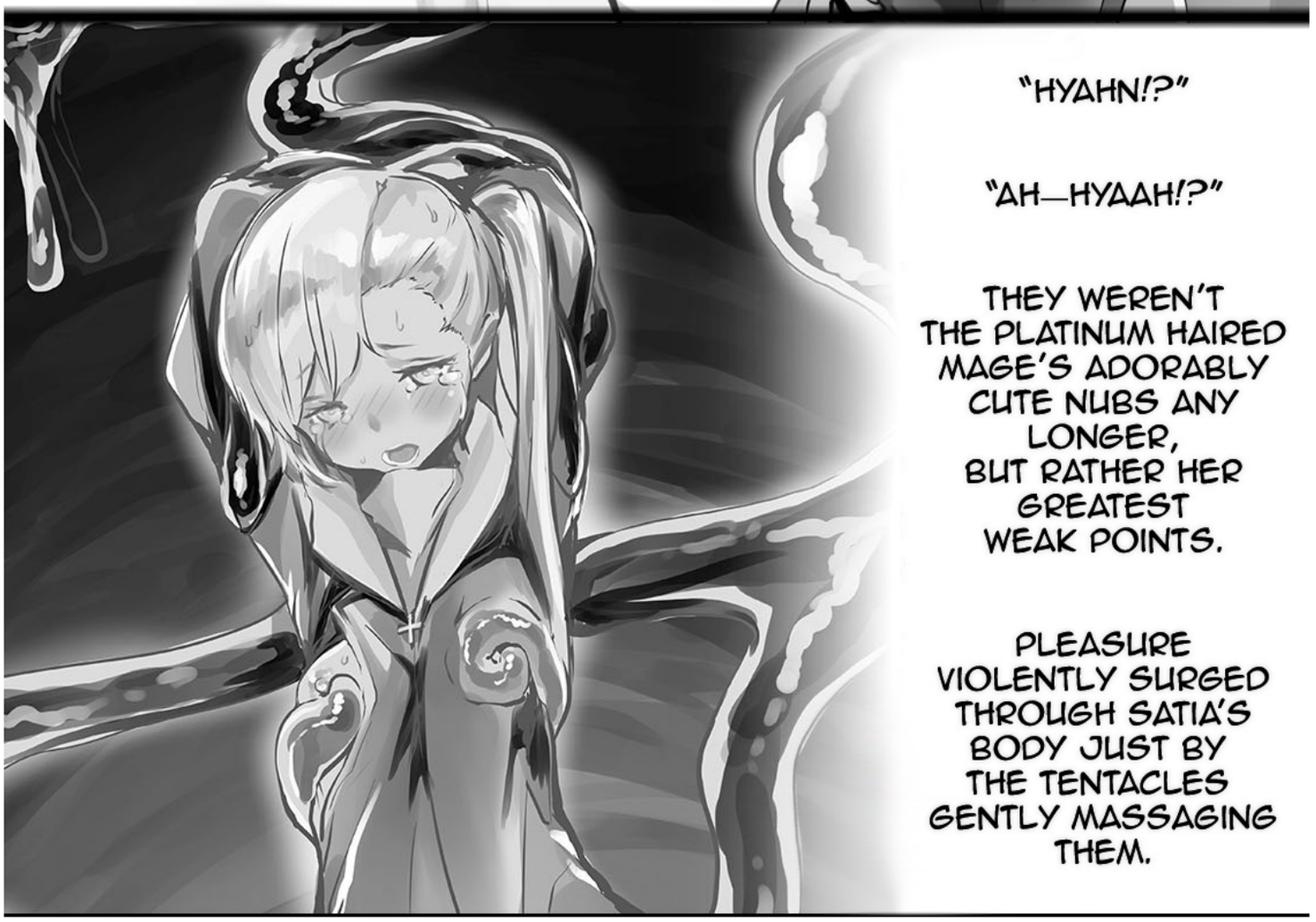
FIANA

ELF KNIGHT EMPLOYED
AT THE ROYAL PALACE

ALFIA

FEMALE KNIGHT THAT
HONORS DISCIPLINE


SHE PLACED THE COMMISSION DOCUMENT ONTO THE DESK HER MASTER SAT AT.
"... THE REWARD IS GOOD FOR ONLY NEEDING THAT."
"YEAH. THANKS."


"HYAHN!?"
"AH—HYAAH!?"
THEY WEREN'T THE PLATINUM HAIRED MAGE'S ADORABLY CUTE NUBS ANY LONGER, BUT RATHER HER GREATEST WEAK POINTS.
PLEASURE VIOLENTLY SURGED THROUGH SATIA'S BODY JUST BY THE TENTACLES GENTLY MASSAGING THEM.

Chapter One: Fresh Prey

Part 1

In that place, the constant sound of water dripping from the ceiling was no longer accompanied solely by howls of resentment from those who had died in the cave.

There was an area that was gloomy, impure, and had wound up distorting.

In that area, a slow, sensual sound—a woman's voice—was echoing off the walls. A part of the ceiling collapsed in the interior of the cave where no light shined, allowing a small shaft of light to beam down.

Inside this abandoned mithril mine, a **monster** had been born. Far inside, there laid a women.

It wasn't that she was asleep. Her arms and legs feeble as though forgotten, she quivered in response to the stimulation at her hips. It didn't appear as though this was intentional.

The only thing on her upper body was a black undershirt. Her lower half was completely exposed save for the boots on her feet. Those almond-shaped eyes that had once shown the woman's willful nature were now clouded, not reflecting anything. Here brows drooped in defeat, in surrender, all that could be seen was hopelessness.

Violated by the slime—what she judged to be a black ooze, a monster—her mouth that had once spouted her rejection and unwillingness was now degraded into being nothing but an orifice for panting and conveying her pleasure.

By these past several days, her body that had been ravished to the point of fainting was exhausted, even her throat in pain from screaming.

Her prided breasts, at one time hidden behind her robe, were violently shaking out of her black undershirt. Her nipples that had grown to the size of tootsie rolls a while before were making their existences known.

Her torn robe and thick trousers were cast aside nearby, telling just how intense her assault was.

There was something that covered her lower half. It was a black slime, almost like a distortion.

Violating the female mage… Frederica, it was an existence that drove one's mind into a corner.

"A-ah… ah! Ii… ehhh… iii!"

Her limbs were numbed by its paralytic poison so that she wouldn't run away. However, that was very likely already unnecessary.

Three days had passed since Frederica was brought into the cave, but the woman hadn't showed any behavior as though she wanted to escape. Was it that she didn't think it was possible to escape? Was her will simply broken? Or maybe she was waiting for a chance?

Although the black ooze didn't understand it, that didn't change what the black ooze would do.

It would rape this woman.

Up until now, monsters hadn't thought for themselves. It could be said that monsters were imprinted with certain instincts, warped intents.

Charging into her vagina, banging against the entrance to her womb, it sometimes dominated the deepest reaches of the woman's womb. Letting out a coquettish voice when the monster nudged against the top of her womb, her waist trembled as though to tickle her womb's entrance. Her vaginal fluids overflowing, a healthy serving of muddied white juice leaked out after several minutes of being violated.

In these three days, Frederica's spirit was driven to its final line of defense and her body had been changed into an obedient female sow.

Her mouth that used to beg for release now unknowingly taught the slime her weak points. She preferred her vaginal lips to be pulled on, to be gentle with her clitoris at first, before being forceful midway, to include her armpits as along with the other areas, to be anally penetrated both rapidly and shallowly.

If she kept being violated in this cave as is, in the end, she would even forget how to speak, being reduced to nothing but a beast that craves sex.

“There—there, haaarder…”

Using just a tiny amount of strength that she had recovered from fainting, she shook her hips towards the monster that should have been detestable to her on her own volition. An adventurer that should kill monsters… **begged** a monster that should have killed her.

She wouldn’t be spared, nor would she be released… so she begged to be violated.

If someone who knew Frederica saw this, they might not believe their eyes. She was a beautiful woman, ever full of confidence in her ability.

That Frederica did not exist here.

This was a woman that parted her legs towards the monster, pleaded to be raped, and exposed her body that would turn men’s eyes with lust unashamedly.

This was the Frederica that existed within the abandoned mind.

“Harder, harder… hardeeer—”

Her words didn’t feel strong at all. She simply kept voicing her bodily desires, mumbling in delirium. Even so, while her voice was feeble, it felt to those hearing it as though it was a voice that came from her heart.

And so, obeying her voice, the slime earnestly and resiliently rammed its tentacle inside the woman. Drilling inside her soft meat and beating against the entrance to her womb, it massaged her violently swaying breasts while vigorously rubbing her nipples as though to light them on fire.

Despite being assaulted by the pain, the only thing carved into the woman’s face was delight.

Tears ran down her cheeks and her nose dripped with mucus. The form of a helpless sow. Even prostitutes wouldn’t show off a face like hers.

“C-cu—cumiiiiing…!”

The woman’s body gave in to particularly violent convulsions. Both her words

and her body told of her climax.

Filled, the woman's once-dignified face was now perverted and unsightly, her eyes rolling into the back of her head as she fainted.

At the same time, there was also a change in the slime.

Although it did not know why, when it brought the woman to a climax, the female mage's mana flowed into the slime.

One of those three men it absorbed, likely one of two young adventurers, had an aptitude for magic.

What was mana? It was a sensation that could be called like a warm vitality. Although the slime wasn't able to comprehend it that well, mana seemed to be a kind of vitality birthed from the body.

That answer was wrong. In reality, existences that were able to amass mana that overflowed from the existence of the natural world were mages; however, since the slime still had not digested a mage, it hadn't obtained that knowledge.

Even so, it did manage to come about procuring a vessel that could amass mana by absorbing someone that had an aptitude for for magic. By nature, it was a slime that didn't do the thing known as thinking. Even if it obtained something that didn't exist in its knowledge, it didn't intend to examine it further.

Functioning on pure instinct, the **male** black ooze that knew about violating women from absorbing that man would violate women. Violate them, conceiving a child.

And so it would continue.

This slime, everything the black ooze was, could be called a mutation.

The slime divided its body to shackle Frederica's limbs to the ground after she'd climaxed and fainted again and again.

In the center of the light that beamed down from the abandoned mine's collapsed ceiling was a beautiful woman whose limbs were restrained by black fetters. Wearing nothing but the black undershirt that just barely concealed her plentiful breasts and her leather boots, her figure was more than enough to

stimulate a man's sexual desire.

And then… it crammed a tentacle about the thickness of a rope into her uncouthly slack mouth.

"O—, gu—-!"

Ignoring the muffled screams coming from her, it managed to reach her stomach through her throat. Like that, it poured digested wild grass that held no toxins for beasts and humans directly into her stomach.

The black ooze understood that humans easily died if they didn't take in nourishment. Although it was probably best for Frederica herself to eat a meal, as there was the danger that she would run away, it did it like this.

Besides, it didn't think that the woman who had drowned in pleasure would do something like prepare a meal for herself. She was wriggling as though trying to draw a circle with her hips; did she feel pleasure from this **meal** as well?

After pouring nourishment into her for a short while, it retracted its tentacle from her throat.

"… Hau—n…"

Her hips trembled a few times. Food was poured into her forcibly. Her body reacted to this deed as well, reaching a soft orgasm.

Even though she'd lost her senses, what would the Frederica of old thought about her body reacting as such?

Overflowing with pride and will, that was the sublime and powerful mage named Frederica.

Now, however, she held a body more sensitive than a prostitute. Even comparing it to a wild beast's wouldn't be enough, she had come to covet sex.

A beauty. Now with a lewd body.

Now that her body had become like this, she would very likely be unable to return to a proper life after tasting heaven.

But even so, that topic had nothing to do with the slime.

Although she wasn't aware of anything, she moved her hips back and forth

with an expression dyed in ecstasy, as though begging for stimulation… or perhaps, begging for a male.

As for the slime, as the woman's body continued to plead for it, it penetrated her vagina with its tentacle.

As always… even though she had fainted, Frederica continued to cum endlessly. Even if she awoke, she would swoon once again by giving into the pleasure.

This could possibly be called a **hell**.

Part 2

There was alteration to the slime's geographical knowledge after ravaging Frederica. It now knew of the existence of a road that lead beyond the village at the foot of the mountain.

Well, although it did know about it, it still hadn't mobilized due to running the risk of being discovered by humans. Even so, it understood the capability of adventurers—things that were its natural enemy—to some degree, so it wound up attacking beasts that were making the areas along the road their territory.

Wagons coming and going through the rural road were things that typically wouldn't stray too far off of the path. This was because of their wariness against wild animals and bandits.

Therefore, it was able to unhurriedly catch and digest animals some distance from the road. Of course it would spend its days on the mountain and in the cave while the sun was high, but it would go out and hunt beasts as night fell. Due to the slime relying on its instincts at first, it had consumed all of the mountain's animals and there was no food left for it on the mountain.

It was alright with assaulting the domesticated animals in the village at the base of the mountain, but even that had its limits. Although the slime wouldn't die if it didn't eat, it had an appetite and hungered.

Additionally, it needed to prepare food for Frederica. It violated her during the day and attacked beasts along the road at night.

This was the slime's life.

Several days passed like this. Around ten days after Frederica's group went missing, there was a certain commission posted on the adventurer's guild's bulletin board in the royal capital.

As the royal capital's guild was overflowing with various work, the addition of another commission document wasn't something unusual.

However, the person that started this commission—what they had brought in

was a problem.

Two days after Frederica had gone missing, several of the the village at the foot of the mountain's elders searched the mountain with the abandoned mine on it. They were terrified, but because adventurers had gone missing, it had already become a problem for knight or mage corps.

They looked around to at least get some evidence. With that thought in mind, the several elders found a splendid staff, as well as the adventurer group's luggage.

Although the black ooze was able to dissolve things like meat and plants, clothing and leather armor took time to melt away so it discarded them out of its body.

Finding those things, the elders brought it to the royal capital. For an incident like the disappearance of adventurers, even if the village didn't prepare a reward, the country would prepare a reward in accordance with the details.

As such, because the person to go missing was Frederica, someone famous in the guild and had a fair bit of ability, it just so happened that many people were interested in the commission's details. A mage had gone missing, leaving behind her own staff. Staves could be considered as a mage's identification.

What had happened? No mage would leave their staff behind and disappear.

Something must have happened to Frederica's and the others' bodies. That was the adventurer's guild's view on it.

"Should we do it?"

"Eh…"

However, even with that said, no one was going to jump on board with it. With that much of a reward, there was that much of a risk to their lives.

Their lives came first, nothing else would matter if they died.

Frederica was famous amongst the guild's youths and was even recognized as a skilled mage. With that in consideration as well, everyone avoided the commission.

In truth it was because she had let down her guard and made a mistake due to

the dark of the night, choosing the wrong kind of magic to use.

Even so, the people in the guild wouldn't know about something like that.

Like that, the commission document for surveying the abandoned mithril mine was left posted for several days.

Everyone turned their eyes from it, taking the commission documents posted around it. It slowly became the only one in its area on the bulletin board, alone.

A small hand reached out towards that document, grasping it.

Following that, a quiet voice that seemed to drown out the guild's clamor could be heard.

"… This commission."

A small woman could be seen; she was carrying a disproportionately large staff and stretching on her tiptoes for that commission document.

Her long, beautiful and seemingly transparent platinum hair was gathered to the left side of her head, hanging down low in a ponytail. She read the commission document with somewhat drowsy eyes.

Her brown eyes moved left to right and back as she looked over the document, reading line-by-line.

"Satia, you're taking that commission?"

One of the men in the guild called out to the mage who had stopped in front of the bulletin board and read the document.

Satia. With no family name, she was a former female slave. Satia had some potential for magic, so she was bought as a slave and used as an adventurer while obeying her adventurer master.

Her experiences as an adventurer were lengthy, she was a woman who became an adult the moment she first passed through the guild's entrance. Although she had a somewhat doll-like figure and was fairly short, she gave others the impression of being more beautiful than adorable.

Satia was around half a head shorter than others, even those the same age as her or younger. And that's why the large staff she carried was disproportional to

her, it was practically just as tall as her. It caused others to experience something like being attracted to a pretty girl.

She was also clad in a thick nun-like black robe. Adventurers would generally give off more of a boorish impression, but this girl was small and lovely—that was the sort of impression she gave.

She looked up towards the man that called out to her with her drowsy eyes.

"… Yes."

"But y'know, that one's about Frederica goin' missin' yeah? You guys ready for a load like that?"

"… Is it? I will discuss it with Goshujin-sama."

All the man that was Satia's master had told her was that he wanted her to look for a commission.

The reward was good and the commission itself was the only one that stood out, but she listened to the man's advice. She had been treated as a slave in the past, so she was bad at interacting with men.

So even though she understood that he came with good intentions, she kept a distance away from him. Answering with a vaguely unsociable response, she moved away without even giving a single word of gratitude.

Everyone in the guild adored her like a doll, but she herself didn't feel she was worth their time.

She put some time in looking over the other commission documents, but there were just things like garbage cleaning in the royal capital's back alleys or medicinal herb collections remaining.

They were all more like the work a child would do for pocket change than what an adventurer would do. Even their rewards were lacking.

"… This one."

"Ah, feel free to ask if you need any help."

"… Yes."

In the end, her response was curt.

Even though she understood in her heart that it would have been better for her to say her thanks.

Well, the man simply smiled complacently at Satia’s cute voice and appearance, followed by returning to his companions without taking it to heart.

In the corner of the bustling adventurer’s guild was a young man around twenty years of age.

It was Satia’s master, Alfred Will. With blond hair and blue eyes, he was an agreeable youth with a good-natured smile.

Satia placed the commission document she’d taken onto the desk where her master sat.

“… For just that, the reward is good.”

“Really? Thanks.”

Saying that, Alfred looked over the commission document Satia presented him with.

Satia stared at his profile silently.

This was the sole area in the guild that felt quiet.

“… Frederica-san seems to be missing.”

“Yea, looks like it…”

Although Satia wasn’t acquainted with Frederica herself, Alfred had done several commissions together with her.

The image Alfred had in his mind of Frederica was that of a bright and sociable mage, brimming with beauty and will.

Although they weren’t at the point of being friends, it wasn’t as though they didn’t know each other at all. She had gone missing and this commission document found its way to him.

Even though it was dangerous, he wasn’t interested in leaving it alone and deserting her.

“The reward’s good too, so how about we take it?”

“… Yes.”

If a slave’s master decided on something, they had no way of rejecting it. Although she didn’t know what kind of person the woman named Frederica was, she would protect her master for the commission.

Her unshakable determination had become her core. When Alfred stood up, he moved over to Satia.

“It is dangerous for just us two, I want to hire a few people.”

“… Is that so?”

From Satia’s point of view, Alfred’s skill in the sword and magic were at considerable levels. There were likely few in his age group that could surpass him

in Fonteau.

Even so, this young man didn't relax his guard nor did he drown in self conceit. He would accomplish commissions by minimizing dangers to the utmost of it ability.

For Satia, her master called Alfred was an existence that could even be called a [Hero] that saved her from hell.

He bought her as a slave, but hadn't used her as a woman*. Satia didn't know if Alfred had some other woman in his heart, but it would soon be two years since she was picked up by him.

She had never entertained him. He had never even asked. Of his orders for her, none were unreasonable.

It was like Alfred treated her carefully, like a younger sister or a daughter. From what Satia knew of what people who bought slaves were like, it could be said that Alfred was simply too kind.

Although the mage didn't say much and was emotionally lacking, she still harbored the emotions of a girl her age.

She would feel affection towards those that treated her nicely. He was excellent in both appearance and talent, but most important was that his nature was good as well.

However, their positions were that of master and slave. Her chest had tightened before she realized it.

Satia's platinum hair shook as she chased after the young man heading to inform the guild head that he would be accepting the commission.

Her eyes looked drowsy—as they always did—but they were fixed firmly onto her master's back.

Part 3

After a few days of being shook around in the wagon, Alfred's group arrived at the rural village from the commission's document.

It had around a dozen houses with spacious pastures. Even though the amount of domestic animals grazing the pastures had decreased somewhat due to the black ooze, there were still many cattle slowly walking through the fields.

"Welcome, thank you for coming."

"Are you the chief of this village?"

"Yes."

As the one to represent their group, Alfred talked with the elderly person.

Alfred and Satia employed three other adventurers. Other than Satia, they were all men. They were trustworthy men than they had done many commissions together with in the past, but since Satia wasn't very good with men, she hadn't left Alfred's side at all during the trip.

Although it was probably more correct to consider her a slave, Alfred and Satia's relationship was—well, it was easy for the other adventurers to see that Satia was inexperienced with hiding her feelings towards him. She'd smile every time she looked towards him on their trip, calming down.

These three were also acquainted with Frederica. It could be said that that was the reason they accepted this commission.

If Frederica was safe, they might be able to improve their relationships with the beautiful mage by saving her. It could also be said that their actions were out of wicked self-interest.

Alfred asked the chief two or three questions, also answering some of the chief's.

Satia idly watched Alfred doing so while the three adventurers unloaded their luggage from the wagon in a manner that bespoke of their experience.

She probably should have helped them as well, but the other adventurers were taking care it of. They might have wanted to show off their good points.

Well, either way, she didn't notice them. Satia was too preoccupied with watching Alfred… With those same drowsy eyes as always.

"We'll be staying the night in the village and ascend the mountain first thing in the morning."

Having rented a house that no longer had an owner, Alfred said that as he finished carrying his luggage there.

It was a solidly constructed house with two floors, the one whose owner had become food to the slime in the beginning. It was also the same house Frederica and her party stayed the night in.

They looked around inside the house to find if anything was left that they could gain information with, but in the end they weren't able to find anything like that.

"Sounds good. I'm tired from moving about recently too, let's take today slow."

"Yeah, we were finally able to rent a house."

"There's no bath though."

The three adventurers left the living room while saying whatever came to mind.

By the way, a hero had made baths from another world rather widespread in this world. Although people washed their bodies with river and well water until that point, nowadays people immersed themselves in hot water in a bathtub after thoroughly washing themselves out of the bath.

It was decided that the men would use the large guest room, while Satia, who was the only woman, would use the former owner's room.

They would climb up the nearby mountain and search through the abandoned mithril mine there the following day. That place was the most suspicious one. Frederica and the others had gone missing when they went to examine that area.

There were five people this time. Even if an unexpected situation occurred,

they should be able to cope with it. They didn't know if the mine had something like a beast that used it as its nest or some kind of bandit group, though.

Whatever it was, since it was enough to cause three adventurers to go missing, they couldn't afford to be careless here.

"Satia, you should also rest today."

When Satia returned to the living room after finishing tidying up after their evening meal, Alfred was the only one there. As for the other three adventurers, they had gone out on a patrol of sorts to see if they could see what was attacking the livestock.

It apparently hadn't appeared near the village recently, so whatever it was might have abandoned the village, or perhaps it might have left the area.

They expected it was something like that, but since they didn't know what exactly they were dealing with, they went as a group of three for safety. Because of that, Satia and Alfred were currently the only two at the house.

Satia and Alfred were adventurers that acted as a pair. Since it was always just the two of them, they weren't particularly conscious of that fact. Even so, as for the woman of marriageable age, she may have considered it as being alone with the person that was close to her heart.

Not saying anything, Satia stood close behind Alfred as he nonchalantly sat on a chair. Possibly due to wondering what she was thinking about, Alfred pulled a nearby chair up and lightly clapped its surface. It appeared he wanted her to sit.

"… Thank you very much. Umm, Goshujin-sama?"

Sitting down on that chair, Satia spoke. Something like taking a rest before their master was improper for a slave.

This was because the young man named Alfred looked at Satia not as a slave, but as a companion. Even so, Satia did not realize this.

Alfred saw Satia as a companion, yet Satia thought of Alfred as someone that was a benign master towards slaves.

It was a slight discrepancy. However… that was probably just fine for these two that would clumsily interact with each other.

“I’ve been thinking about something a bit.”

“… That’s… me too.”

“That so.”

Alfred, not looking too deeply into Satia’s response, was immersed in his thoughts. Picturing a map of the nearby area in his head, he wondered where they would search if the abandoned mine wasn’t what they were looking for.

Vacantly staring at Alfred’s profile, despite not showing any particular expression, a warmth spread through Satia’s chest as she watched him.

Even if her expressions were few and far between, that didn’t mean her emotions were as well. Did Satia think her Goshujin-sama noticed this fact?

No, he surely hadn’t noticed.

Even so, that’s fine. That’s what Satia believed. She would travel together with him, as well as stay quiet next to him like this. Just this. With just this much, Satia was satisfied.

“Guess we’re going up that mountain tomorrow huh.”

One of the adventurers they had come with said that. Laying down in his bed that was just a blanket laid out on the floor, he placed his long-cherished sword immediately next to him, leaving his dagger at the bedside.

The other adventurers did the same, they shared the sentiment of not wanting to relax their guards within the village, even if they were inside a house.

“Well then, Satia. If there’s anything—”

“Yes. Alfred-sama too, umm… see you in the morning.”

“Good night, Satia-chan.”

It was still early in the night, but since they needed to save their strength for the next day, they decided to turn in early. There wasn’t much in the way of entertainment in such an out of the way village as this, so there wasn’t anything to do once the sun went down. It wasn’t a bad idea to drink alcohol, but everyone agreed it was better to wait till after they finished their work.

There wasn’t any particular meaning to it, but if forced to say something,

they'd probably say it was something like a prayer. Alcohol wasn't something to be drunk before work. That was something decided by Alfred. Other than that, he was simply a non-drinker, and Satia had a character that would refrain from such things.

Her good night greeting complete, Satia headed to the room allocated to her.

Although they heard it had been a while since the house's owner disappeared, it wasn't dirty. There wasn't any dust either. Frederica or her companions probably used this room.

There was a bed and cabinet to store clothes in inside the room, as well as two windows. There wasn't much space for anything else; if even Satia with her small frame got out of bed, she'd easily be able to reach the cabinet.

The room's layout was probably thought out by the former owner—an elderly person—to make moving about in the room less needed.

Leaning the staff she shouldered against the bed, she sat down onto the bed without changing clothes.

"Fuuu…"

She felt a little giddy.

Letting out a small breath, her drowsy eyes slowly drifted shut. She cautioned herself against being indiscreet, but her chest felt warm no matter what she did. Even now, she felt her cheeks heat up and redden.

"Alfred-sama—"

She muttered his name. Just that was enough to turn the warmth in her chest into a heat.

She wondered if her companions in the other room were asleep. It was completely quiet in the room as she held her breath to try and listen for any noises from them.

Satia listened in for a while without moving or making any sounds—then, slid her beautifully white fingers down her robe.

It wasn't a high-cost item. It was made of a thick cloth that blocked most light touches, you wouldn't be able to notice someone placing a finger over the robe

without them pressing rather hard.

The stimulation from her fingers wasn't transmitted to her undeveloped breast, clothed in the robe and unnecessary undergarment as it was, but even so, she rubbed her fingers over it through her robe over and over. Rather than massaging, it was more like she was caressing herself.

"Nn…"

As for why Satia felt that amount of stimulation to be unsatisfying… that was due to her being experienced at comforting herself.

As she did this, Satia wondered to herself just when it came to the point where she would comfort herself even on a journey and not in one of the royal capital's inns. She didn't have an answer.

She knew it was at one point after she became aware of Alfred's goodwill towards her, but when was it? When she was bought as a slave? When she was taught magic and how to read and write? Or maybe it was when she was needed as an adventurer, rather than as a slave?

Rolling up her thick black robe, she held it in her mouth. The immature legs below her belly were laid bare.

The door to the room was closed. Because the robe was held in her mouth, her voice would probably be muffled for the most part.

Her minuscule chest, now without its unneeded undergarment, was exposed to the cold night's air. Her cheeks and ears dyed red from embarrassment, but all the same the girl couldn't hold out any longer and, on her side, crooked her body forward.

She forcibly closed her lovable drowsy eyes. What she pictured in the darkness was—her master that she held dear. Despite her original intentions of only going so far as to warm her cheeks, the girl's thin and beautiful fingers moved over her important place with practiced movements.

Her right hand went towards her chest, her left hand on top of her unadorned panties. It was a crude method of masturbation, just pressing down on both with her fingers. But even so, it wasn't as though she knew nothing about it.

Her body was thin, so her frantic masturbation was accompanied with pain. Satia was a slave. Since it was necessary, she received an education.

A male slave would become the shield of the adventurer who was their master and would be used to satisfy the woman's desires.

A female slave would become a tool to satisfy the man's cravings.

Satia's original appearance was essentially that of this world's slaves.

However, the young man named Alfred was different from the rest. He didn't see Satia as a woman, he looked at her as a comrade.

He greeted her hello in the mornings with an genuinely warm voice, thanking Satia in praise for the dishes she cooked. Combing her hair with those hands that had grown rough from swinging a sword, being drawn close by those large hands —

"—Nnuu."

Unlike her own small hands, his were large and brusque.

Her right hand stroked her meager chest up and down. Matching her breast size, her small nipples were excited from the mere thought of the young man, asserting themselves when she began rubbing them. Even though she thought it was shameful, the girl by no means stopped stimulating her erogenous zones.

The stimulation was light at first. After a while, her small nipples gradually grew large enough that they could just barely be pinched with her fingers.

Satia's body was insensitive to sexual stimulation due to her age, but her mind was already that of a woman's.

She caressed her nipple, pinching it… as well as stroking her private area from above her white underwear.

In her days as a slave, she wasn't able to understand just what was so good about it. Everyone knew about masturbation as general knowledge, but for Satia, who held a fastidious dislike towards those shameful acts, she got the impression that people were defiling themselves. When she was first trained in the act, the felt more disgust and pain than pleasure.

She didn't get even a vague feeling of pleasure from her breasts being rubbed

and her dry genitals only felt pain. Her immature sexual feelings didn't react to the pleasure as pleasure, it simply came across as pain and disgust to her brain.

She was disgusted and rejected it. She rejected the foul act of masturbation, recognizing it as a shameful deed.

However, it was different now.

She thought of the young man, she thought of her Goshujin-sama, she masturbated while thinking of him. For certain, this satisfied Satia both as a slave and as a woman.

"Fuu, u—nnn…"

A muffled voice leaked out through the robe held in her mouth.

The fingers she had been using to caress her nipple now began to grip and work it, as it was now stiff. The nipple was flexible and would change into the shape she kneaded and pulled it into, but would immediately return to its original shape—a delicate protruding hill of flesh.

As for the fingers working her genitals from above her panties, she changed her focus towards an area slightly above the rest, towards her zealous clitoris. Still shrouded in its covering, her clitoris provided her with an intense stimulation; this was her weakest part.

When the girl thought of the young man and masturbated for the first time, she had stimulated her clitoris directly.

At that time, she wasn't able to hold back her voice. She bit down so hard she'd practically torn through the pillow she was using to muffle her voice and now recalled having to endure the incredible stimulation.

After that experience, the girl even felt something akin to fear towards baring her clitoris. It was similar to pain, but the pain was isolated through the sheer stimulation.

She felt too much. It was beyond obscene. It was with both fear and curiosity towards that more-than-satisfying pleasure that she remembered the experience. She was unsure what she felt about it, changing her approach to leaving the clitoris sheathed and covered by her panties. Without the pain, Satia

felt moderate pleasure from it.

She didn't want to show that youth her current appearance. However, if a night were to arrive where she were talking with her beloved Goshujin-sama and her chest happened to warm… by all costs, she would request this shameful act.

Moving her fingers while thinking of her master, a warmth entered her voice and her waist started to move back and forth slightly. Her fingers were moving faster and faster. Before she'd realized it, tears of joy began to flow from her tightly closed eyes.

(Goshujin-sama.. Goshuuujin-samaaaaa…)

Afraid to speak it out loud, she called for her beloved over and over in her heart. Her black robe caught the drool overflowing from her mouth, darkening.

But the girl didn't notice, stroking her nipple and softly stimulating her clitoris.

Her meager waist went into a small fit, disarranging her bed sheets. The stimulation was more than enough even through her white panties—love fluids began to erupt from her vagina.

One could hear the sounds of ragged breathing and the rustle of clothes. Even the thought of wondering whether Alfred, who was in the room next to her's, heard her was enough to stimulate Satia's lust.

Her silver hair clung to her brow covered in sweat. Her hair, usually collected side up style, lay spread out across the sheet.

"Fuuu, f-, uu.. fuu!"

(More, more… please, harder, touch me!)

Pushing against her erect nipple, she kneaded it with her thumb. Only her right nipple was being groped, so the swelling in her left nipple was obviously different. She wouldn't stop even if someone saw her obscene appearance, the girl continued to single-mindedly torment her right nipple.

The hand that was working on her clitoris slipped into her panties and—despite Satia's original determination—began to directly caress her clitoris. However, it was still wrapped in its prepuce. Her feet and toes alternated from being curled and being stretched to the max as her waist began to move more

intensely.

More forceful, more intense—she violated her nipple, imagining the fingers to be her master's.

She was being violated by her Goshujin-sama's large, warm hands. It was just in her heated delusions, but the zealous passion blazed ever fiercer in her body.

"Ha—ah, g-good… so good…!"

Her lips had parted from her robe, unable to endure to pleasure.

"Alfred, sama…. aaa…"

She called her master's name out with the voice of a **woman**. Satia knew that it was disrespectful, but this merely served to push her over the top into climaxing.

Both long and intense, her body climaxed. Her waist trembled many, many times.

As though it wouldn't last long enough, her fingers didn't stop despite still tasting the climax.

Forcibly strumming her clitoris, she synced up with her waist's convulsions. She stuck her hips out towards the ceiling, as though aiming towards the waist of a man who wasn't there.

"Haaah…! Un—ah!"

She flipped over face-down against the bed in panic, trying to subdue her voice. After not being stimulated, her left nipple rubbing up against the bed sent an electric shock of stimulation into her mind.

It felt amazing, so she continued using both her right hand and the sheet to stimulate her nipples.

Her nipples rubbing against the sweat-dampened sheet wasn't painful or itchy… it produced a slightly unsatisfying pleasure. However, Satia felt the stimulation against her burning body to be just right. Her mind muddied from desire, she shook her body back and forth while panting quickly.

Meanwhile, her bottom that had been thrust into the air like a dog trembled

many times over.

When she stimulated her clitoris and the entrance to her genitals that were now dripping licentious fluids, her wet panties bit into her slim bottom. The elastic from her underwear digging into her hips was obscene, appearing as though she was falling from virtue.

Not noticing that either, she wholeheartedly applied herself to provoking her nipples and genitals in want of obtaining even greater pleasure.

“Goshuujin, sa—goshuu—shamaa…”

Pushing her face against the bed, she attempted to muffle her moans so that no one would hear.

Her muffled voice was stopped by the door and wall, so it didn’t carry to anyone else’s ears. Still, if her beloved Goshujin-sama heard… that dreaded thought couldn’t stop her.

She called for the young man countless times. With her voice, with her thoughts… although the person herself didn’t notice it, she hoped that he would see her.

Her fingers accelerated yet again. Imagining her fingers to be his, Satia stuck her waist ever higher into the air.

She moved from her clitoris, into her vagina itself—ravaging herself with two fingers.

Feeling the immature and obscenity of it all, she thrust her doll-like fingers into herself over and over.

Constantly stimulating the shallow area as though to rub it raw, she forced out her sexual pleasure.

She wanted to reach her climax while thinking about the young man. Imagining his fingers, she thought about her Goshujin-sama’s voice, imagining he was there, doing this to her—

“Fuu!? … N, hii… aaau!”

Together with a particularly loud muffled voice, she went into a spasm strong enough to cause her to lose control of her limbs.

Over and over and over did she release her love fluids, her waist quivering as though to show off how her panties stuck to her vagina.

The sheet wet by her tears, her robe rolled up as it was didn't serve its function as clothing.

Her delicate back exposed to the air, her convulsing body glimmered through the obscenity of its sweat.

After enduring the spasms for some time, Satia's body was drained of all its strength, her waist dropping feebly down to the bed. She weakly turned over, staring dimly up at the ceiling.

Her robe was rolled up and her panties were wet due to her secretions, yet she just stared dimly at the ceiling.

The two small swollen bulges on her chest rose up and down with her intense breathing. She herself could hear the trailing notes of her previous act in her breaths.

The girl's fiercely erect nipples told of how intense her masturbation was.

"Haah—… Haah… nn—"

She had to change into her pajamas, and if she didn't change her underwear…

Vaguely thinking about things like that, she tried to move her obscene body, still suffering the aftermath of her climax.

"Have to, clean…"

Her sweat felt dirty.

Although she herself didn't notice it, the smell was sure to be lewd.

… For the slave, the only person she didn't want to be hated by was her Goshujin-sama.

However, her limbs were numb from her climax and wouldn't listen to her.

She had already completely given herself to the warmth for a while now. Satia, her breasts and panties still exposed—

—closed her eyes.

Chapter Two: The Abandoned Mine's Investigation

Part 1

On the morning of the next day, Alfred's group climbed the mountain as planned, arriving at the entrance to the abandoned mine.

It was still early in the morning. The weather was good, too, so it probably wouldn't begin storming with how things were.

They advanced while comparing the map of the village's local area they were using to the geography around them, but they managed to arrive mostly faster than expected.

"Doesn't look like there's anything here."

Of the three adventurers, the one to speak was the eldest man. The five people concealed themselves in the surrounding vegetation and watched the abandoned mine's entrance.

"Is our prey inside? Maybe somewhere else…?"

"There's also the chance it left the area."

Through the experienced adventurers' intuitions, they came to consider that it might have left.

Whatever it was, it attacked adventurers. It was possible that it would expect people like them to come and subjugate it at the cave. It was within the realm of possibilities that their mark was a beast rather than a group of humans, but they couldn't imagine a mage like Frederica falling to a beast.

Sure, the two she had brought seemed like amateurs that could barely grow facial hair, but even so they shouldn't have had a problem against an opponent at the level of a common beast.

That was the opinion of everyone here.

They would explore the abandoned mine after this to look for clues for where

the bandits went off to.

As for them staking out the entrance, the reason was that there was a small chance the bandits weren't too wary of adventurers and kept the area as their roost all the same. So for now, this had to be done.

"Should we go in and look through the mine?"

"Maybe. It doesn't look like anyone's still here."

Those things said, the five all moved out from the thicket.

It was decided that three people, Alfred included, would make up the vanguard with Satia and one of the other adventurers comprising the rear guard.

Preparing two lanterns, one of the adventurers from the vanguard and rear guard each hung them at the belt on their waists.

One of the vanguards unfurled a map, relying on the light shining in from the entrance to see it. Understanding that it was fairly complicated from a simple glance, he seemed a bit offput by that alone.

"It's dark, as well as damp in here… Satia-chan, watch your step okay?"

"Yes… Goshujin-sama, please be careful as well."

"Haha, I'm alright."

Despite it being so bright nearby the entrance from the outside's light, the abandoned mine quickly grew darker as they advanced.

That much should be obvious, though. No one had come into this place for more than ten years. The abandoned oil lanterns were broken with pickaxes and the like carelessly strewn about along the path.

Clearly, there were no signs of people inhabiting the area. This abandoned mine had an uncannily cold atmosphere, and—

"A poltergeist, maybe?"

"It'll be fine if you keep a grip on your mind, Alfred."

"Yeah."

Not carrying a lantern, Alfred kept one hand firmly placed on the hilt of his

sword as they moved forward.

A word that one of the adventurers said: poltergeist. What was a poltergeist? It was something that would have died in a place like this abandoned mine, time passing without it receiving a proper burial, the soul of someone who hadn't been purified.

Although its voice wouldn't cause any particular harm, it could break someone's concentration in such a closed space as this, irritating them. Gradually depriving someone of their sanity, they would cause people to go mad if left alone.

In the era that monsters existed in, they were an existence that afflicted humanity to a great degree.

"Alright, let's keep moving."

Checking once again that the sword on his waist was still in working order, Alfred spoke. It was the same with Satia, she walked cautiously, holding her large staff that didn't quite match the size of her body.

Without any further speaking, the five continued their advance.

However, people wouldn't live in a place that had poltergeists inhabiting it. Perhaps their mark wasn't a group of bandits after all?

Everyone began to come to that conclusion as they moved further in, not seeing any indications towards the presence of people. It would be impossible for them to explore all of the passageways in a single day, they had talked about it beforehand.

They'd told the village chief that they were planning on allocating three days to search through the abandoned mine.

In the case of an unexpected event, they told him that they should request the aid of a knight order from the royal capital if they wound up not returning to the village after four days pass.

Alfred's group judged that if they also fell to whatever their opponent was, it was something that was too much for adventurers to handle.

"Nothing here either…"

How long had they walked since entering the abandoned mine?

They couldn't see the sun, so they could only traverse the mine with a dulled perception of time. Even if adventurers were accustomed to situations like this, things that were unpleasant would be unpleasant.

Reacting even to the smallest of noises, their nerves were ground down little by little.

There was an additional problem: the poltergeist's moans. Poltergeists fed off of the dismay of the living.

Adventurers that were mentally and emotionally cornered in dark areas like how Alfred and the rest currently were would gradually… bit by bit, be driven mad, even without the person themselves being aware of the fact.

It wouldn't be a problem for those that could keep a firm grip on their mind, but after walking through a place like the abandoned mine for such a long time, things could change.

They couldn't be cut down by swords and most standard magics were barely effective.

They were difficult existences to handle without priests, people who could use holy magic that conveyed the miracles of god.

"We still have a good amount of oil for the lanterns, but maybe we should head back and take a rest?"

"Sounds good, but keep your eyes peeled, don't want to injure ourselves from rushing."

There still had time to spare. They were anxious about Frederica's safety, but there was no reason in them getting themselves injured.

Even Satia, the youngest of everyone here, had a good bit of endurance to spare.

That said, she didn't have a reckless character and wouldn't needlessly push herself.

"Well then Satia, let's go back."

“… Yes.”

She answered, nodding to her master’s statement, and began to walk with a steady pace.

Satia’s black robe hid her in the darkness of the cave despite the lanterns’ light, but her platinum hair shined vaguely.

Her doll-like figure and mood seemed to stand out and sparkle to those who saw her in the cave.

As for the men, seeing her calmed their nerves. The existence of an adorable girl like her was like healing to them.

Like so, they retraced their path and exited from the abandoned mine.

Even though there was the light from the lanterns, the sun was dazzling to their eyes after being in the mine for so long. They blocked the sun from their eyes by holding their hands up until they grew accustomed to the brightness.

“It’ll be noon soon huh.”

“Let’s eat some lunch.”

No one objected. Their meal was comprised of some dried meat and bread they’d received at the village.

Though their exploration of the abandoned mine had only just begun, the five of them still held optimistic views towards the outcome.

There were no signs that people were still inhabiting the mine, so they at least knew that their situation wouldn’t shift out of nowhere.

After leaving that abandoned mine filled with stagnant air, the men were more talkative than usual. Satia watched them while eating her bread, staring vacantly as usual.

If things kept up how they were going, they probably wouldn’t even take all three days to finish looking through the mine.

That’s what all of them believed.

Part 2

Nearby the abandoned mine's entrance, in the shade of a rock where light didn't reach, was something wriggling—the black ooze.

It was a monster that reacted to human voices despite being so far inside the cave's recesses. Putting aside its violation of Frederica midway, it went towards the voices—it proceeded to the entrance.

Frederica, not recognizing the presence of people in her line of work, begged for it to not leave her on the verge of cumming, but the slime ignored her and continued forward. But because she tried following it, clinging to it, the black ooze affixed her against the wall with some mucus it separated from its body.

The former mage beauty, originally someone who wouldn't stoop to comforting herself and whose body was now used to being brought to blackout-inducing climaxes, miserably shook her waist against the wall of the cave's depths on the brink of climaxing.

She would shed tears of delight if the slime returned, even prostitutes might have called out for the monster to return.

Having left Frederica in such a state, the slime immediately judged that the humans taking up position outside of the entrance were adventurers that had gathered together.

Completely absorbing those two adventurers, the slime's intelligence and intuition had risen another level. It hadn't yet secured a method of using magic, but since it acquired mana, it was able to instinctively distinguish which adventurers among them were mages.

There were two—a man and a woman.

The slime would off the man and rape the woman.

If it obeyed its instincts, it might finally be able to obtain a way to use its mana.

The slime reduced its body's volume so that the adventurers wouldn't notice it from the rock's shadow. Its mass didn't change, but it could hide itself through

changing its body's size.

As its color was also black to begin with, it merged entirely with the abandoned mine's darkness.

It didn't have something like a sense of boredom at the passing of time, so the slime simply continued to wait for the adventurers to make their move.

With its body size reduced, the slime looked somewhat like a rock, so even if it was seen it would appear as though it were using some mimetic ability. After holding that shape for around thirty more minutes, there was a movement from the group of adventurers.

The slime noticed this through its senses, but continued to stay as still as a stone.

Paying attention to all five of them at the same time was still too difficult a task for this slime. Moreover, this time there were two mages. Judging by its fight against Frederica—by its **seizure** of Frederica, it realized that its compatibility versus mages was very poor.

From it's adventurer knowledge, the black ooze realized further that it was weak to heat and flame. Although it wasn't as though all mages could use those magics, there was a definite possibility that at least one of these two mages could.

The black ooze became able to tolerate magic to a small extent after obtaining mana, but there was no helping it as that was the weak point of a slime.

First, it assumed that it had to disempower the mages.

For slashing and blunt attacks, all it had to do was respond with paralytic poison when it was approached.

If it were a normal monster, it would simply follow its instincts and attack those coming straight at it. However, this slime was able to think. It would disempower its greatest enemy the first chance it got.

This was something no other monsters until now could do. This slime could **plan ahead**.

"Satia, be careful alright?"

“… Yes.”

Even with hearing the two mages speak directly next to it, the black ooze didn’t budge an inch.

The group passed by it, not realizing a thing. When their footsteps faded, it finally undid its camouflage. Ascending the face of the wall with its soft and pliable body, it skillfully moved along the ceiling to chase after the adventurers.

*

The humans’ footsteps were slow going due to their reliance on the lantern light, so it was able to catch up quickly despite its relatively prolonged movements.

However, it didn’t act immediately. It would first stalk the adventurers for a while to observe them.

The adventurers methodically searched through the abandoned mine while taking notes about their progress, not aware that a slime was crawling on the ceiling behind them.

As ever, their path held no traces of recent habitation so the going was slow. Moreover, it was incredibly dusty. The farther they advanced into its interior, the more intense the dust. They’d reached the point where they covered their mouths with cloth to keep moving.

Moreover, the dust dispersed their lanterns’ light, further worsening their view. In that sort of situation, it was hard to even see the way to the ceiling.

Along with the abandoned mine’s darkness, there was both the stifling dust and the poltergeists’ voices that continued even now.

This all added together deprived the adventurers of their physical strength and their concentration.

Although they still had their composure, there was no helping the fact that they were becoming dispirited.

After walking for a while, their speed began slowing down.

“Look here, there’s a bit of bone.”

“Rather, it’d be weird if there weren’t any yeah?”

“Right.”

This was something else just as dangerous about poltergeists.

Even if they weren’t a problem if they could keep a firm grip on their mood, adventurers would naturally begin to wear down at some point.

And when that happened, they would return to the entrance.

Probably accustomed to taxing explorations like this, the adventurers wouldn’t explore for an unreasonable period of time.

How many more times would they look?

After taking a short rest break outside, they went back to looking through the abandoned mine.

The slime continued following the adventurers, waiting for an opportunity.

It understood that it was at a five-to-one disadvantage. It wouldn’t make its move unless the adventurers split up their party or showed some kind of definite opening.

Endurance and time held no sway to the slime, so chasing after them for an indefinite amount of time was nothing to it.

Perhaps the adventurers were lucky… or perhaps unlucky? The areas they searched through were all far from the depths where Frederica was in.

If they continued searching at their current pace, they would probably find Frederica after several days.

In this way, the first day came to an end and night fell. Encircling a fire near the mine’s entrance, the adventurers went to sleep after assigning two people to the night watch.

It tried provoking a reaction from them by shaking some of the nearby vegetation, but this caused the sleeping adventurers to wake up as well.

Doing that wouldn’t work.

As expected, it would have to find some method inside the mine. The black ooze ended its futile precautions.

The night continued without it doing anything to the adventurers. It passed the night making sure that it wouldn't be noticed from the thicket.

Although it was probably reasonable for it to have returned into the abandoned mine, the black ooze judged that doing so would have been too dangerous as the group of adventurers set up at the entrance.

Like that, the adventurers woke up once the night ended and set out back into the mine. The black ooze followed them inside, paying attention so as to not alert them to its presence.

The second day was no different. The adventurers searched through the darkness and the dust, struggling against the poltergeists' voices all the while.

This day seemed to pass more smoothly than the first day. They probably came to the conclusion that no people nor beasts inhabited the mine.

They were still cautious, but despite them not comparing their map to the mine as they went like they did with the first day, they advanced steadily until they came to forks in the path.

They appeared to have memorized the map to the abandoned mine. This was also something that pointed to them being experienced adventurers.

They would return to the entrance whenever their concentration wore thin, just like the first day, before diving right back in after a short rest.

The adventurers didn't take any futile risks on the second day either.

And so the black ooze also continued doing what it had been doing, it kept itself concealed as it tried to think of something.

Volume 3

[著]ウメ種
[イラスト]アフ黒
3
淫靡な洞窟の奥で
オシリス文庫

フレデリカ・リーン

ギルドでも多少名の知られた冒険者。
調査に訪れた廃坑でブラックウーズに敗北してしまう。

サティア

元奴隷の冒険者。
行方不明になったフレデリカたちの
調査のため、廃坑を訪れる。

フィアーナ

王宮勤めのエルフ騎士。
相次ぐ冒険者の失踪を受け、廃坑調査に訪れるが……。

アルフィラ

規律を重んじる女騎士。
フィアーナとともに廃坑調査に向かう。

レティシア

勇者一行として魔王討伐を果たしたエルフの魔導師。
現在は女王として、魔導国『フォンティーユ』を治めている。

ティアナ

レティシアに仕えるメイド。
元暗殺者であり、レティシアの警護も担当している。

「あなたはここで、一緒に魔物を産むの」

触手に貫かれる度に豊乳が揺れ、フィアーナの胸と擦れ合う。乳首と乳首が擦れ、触手に愛撫されるのとはまた違った快感に身震いする。

「やめて、やめてっ……ゆるしてっ」

屈服の言葉を叫びながら身体をがくがくと何度も痙攣させても、スライムの動きは止まらない。

Volume 4

淫靡な洞窟の
その奥で
4
[著]ウメ種
[イラスト]アフ黒
オシリス文庫

レティシア

勇者一行として魔王討伐を果たしたエルフの魔導師。現在は女王として、魔導国『フォンティーユ』を治めている。

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フレイア

城下町の孤児院のシスター。おっとりした性格で、子どもたちからの人気も高い。

「被害は？」
「……報告を聞く限りでは、減っているかと」
報告を行なっているメイド長にすら伝えられずにいた。なんと言う？
女を犯し、子を産ませる魔物が城下町にいるかもしれない。

「え、ゃ――ゃあ!?」
首元からスカートの裾まで、縦に斬り裂かれたシスター服が被虐の印象を与える。